

Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1900

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WESLEYAN ACADEMY,

..... WILBRAHAM, MASS.

Eighty-fourth Year Opens Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1900

"I feel that this year has given my boy a long start in the right direction in his scholastic career." So recently wrote a prominent professor in one of the leading American colleges about his son's first year at Wilbraham. Precisely this is what we do, helping both young men and women in noble living. Ample Campus, Seven School Buildings, Large Library and Laboratories, Unexcelled Gymnasium, combine to make an adequate equipment for best work. Rich Hall, the spacious and popular school home, has been newly furnished this vacation, and supplied with electric lights in every room and improved heating and ventilation. Experienced Christian teachers who give personal attention to the all-round life of every student constitute a specially strong faculty. The large percentage of old students who have engaged rooms for next year guarantees fine associations. Recent graduates are enrolled in all the best Eastern colleges, professional and scientific schools. From our Art, Music, and Commercial courses youth have gone with great success. New students are advised to make early application that sufficient personal attention may be given to the arrangement of their studies before school opens.

For any information or catalogue write

Rev. WILLIAM R. NEWHALL, Principal

Protestantism and Romanism in New England

[From *The Pilot*.]

OUR esteemed Protestant contemporary, ZION'S HERALD, says in its issue of August 15:

"From the columns of the *Pilot*, the organ of the Roman Catholic Church in New England, usually candid and fair, we make an important excerpt for the inside of our cover. The *Pilot* states that Protestantism is no longer able to deal successfully with the problem of Christianizing our rural sections, and intimates that the Roman Catholic Church is equal to coping with the difficulties. We would be glad if the *Pilot* would discuss further this important subject and point out frankly and specifically wherein Protestantism fails, and how and why Romanism would succeed."

The expressions to which our e. c. refers were suggested by the complaint of a correspondent in the Boston *Congregationalist*, who went with a party of church-going Protestants on a recent Sunday to a New Hampshire town, only to find that no morning service was holding in any of the local Protestant churches. The *Pilot* said that this state of affairs could be duplicated in a hundred other New England towns. It was mindful of the solemn confession of Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, in his Fast Day Proclamation of 1899:

"The decline of the Christian religion, particularly in our rural communities, is a marked feature of the times, and steps should be taken to remedy it. There are towns where no church bell sends forth its solemn call from January to January; there are villages where children grow to manhood unchristened; there are communities where the dead are laid away without the benison of the name of Christ, and where marriages are solemnized only by justices of the peace."

It was mindful of the sorrowful admission made at a conference of Congregational ministers in Boston a few years ago in which

they deplored the moral following on the spiritual decadence in the same towns, and the school-houses closed for lack of children to attend them. It was mindful of the *Atlantic Monthly's* "New England Hill Town." It remembered private Protestant testimony, and personal observation of a far too frequent disregard of the marriage-bond. With all these things in mind, it said that the evidently prevalent spiritual and moral dry-rot in these sections "calls for a check which Protestantism cannot supply." Could the Catholic Church supply it? At least, by her stern "Thou shalt not," in the name of the God of Nature who is also the God of Grace, she would, as she does wherever her spiritual sway extends, preserve the family. At least, by her maintenance of a certain definite obligatory morning worship she would insure her children's recognition of their Creator's absolute right to their homage on the day of His own choosing. Protestantism has, we fear, allowed the spirit of free choice that rules in certain human relations to enter into the relations of man with his Maker. The Protestant passes from private judgment in matters of faith to private judgment in the regulation of conduct. The careless or wicked Catholic may disobey the "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not" of his church, but he cannot silence that voice which proclaims itself fearlessly also the voice of God.

Anti-Saloon League Field Day

THE Anti-Saloon League had a field day last Sunday [Aug. 19] in the auditorium at Asbury Park, N. J. In the morning Rev. Dr. J. Q. A. Henry delivered his address on "Rum, Rags and Rebellion." In the afternoon Rev. Norman Plass and M. J. Fanning spoke on "How to Knock the Saloon out of Politics," and in

the evening there was a platform meeting with a number of speakers on the subject, "The Saloon Inside Out." A company of jubilee singers and a cornetist led the music and rendered special selections. The League, which is about seven years old, is organized in thirty-five States, employs one hundred and seventy-five salaried workers, more than one hundred of whom are ministers representing thirteen denominations, and has over seven thousand local organizations. It is really a federation of churches for temperance work, and does not interfere in its operations with creed, party, or other temperance societies. — N. Y. Observer.

New Discipline Out

THE new Discipline, embodying all changes made by the General Conference of 1900, has been issued by Jennings & Pye, Publishing Agents of the Western Methodist Book Concern. This is two months earlier than the Discipline was issued in 1896. The promptness with which the Discipline of 1900 is issued reflects great credit upon the editor, Bishop E. G. Andrews, and upon the publishers. The volume is sold at 30 cents per copy. A revised edition of Bishop Merrill's digest, adapted to the changes made in the new Discipline, will be issued in two weeks.

Useful Information

The comment is often made by our readers that there is a whole encyclopedia of useful information in the advertisements inserted in this paper by the Paine Furniture Company from week to week. There is a great deal of truth in this statement, and the demonstration of it offered today in another column of this paper is directly to the point. We commend to our readers the useful hints given in regard to the selection of unupholstered furniture which the Paine Furniture Company print in another column.

Zion's Herald

Volume LXXVIII

Boston, Wednesday, August 29, 1900

Number 35

Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

China's Last Chance for Peace

The United States has received two communications from Li Hung Chang in the interests of peace. One was dated August 19, and asked for a cessation of hostilities; the other was dated two days later, and asked for the appointment of representatives of the Powers to negotiate with China. After careful deliberation the President has decided to adhere to the policy he has pursued since the first attack on the legations. Before any proposition for a settlement of the present difficulties can be entertained, some responsible central Chinese authority must assert itself, and prove that it is strong enough to put an end to the disorders that now prevail throughout the empire. In other words, the President is quite willing to treat for peace just as soon as he can find a Government with which to treat. Thus the United States commits itself to the interests of peace. This is a great gain for China, and points the only way by which she may recover herself without a long and tedious contest that will see her dismembered and shorn of much of her power. It is for her leaders to decide whether they will appeal to the mercies of the allies, or invite a contest involving the integrity of the empire and the rule of the Manchu dynasty.

Wages and Politics

All suggestions that American workingmen are likely to listen to any political plots for producing labor complications in furtherance of the schemes of party leaders may safely be dismissed. In times of panic and financial distress such suggestions have sometimes produced bad effects, but never in prosperous years. There is one phase of the question that is not quite as hopeful. A year ago there were combinations of capitalists who depended on investors to purchase enormous amounts of their stock. It was a matter of surprise at the time that these consolidations were so frequently followed by an increase of wages. There was nothing to justify such an increase except the necessity of impressing investors with the idea that great profits were in store. The result was what might have been expected, for the demand for this class of investments was fully up to the expectations of the promoters. Now come reports of an unwillingness to sign wages agreements, rumors of small divi-

dends, and a falling stock market. It may mean trouble for the workingmen, or it may mean that promoters are forcing down the price of shares in order to buy them back. At the best it is gambling of the worst kind, and as a business expedient it is poor policy.

Restoring Friendly Relations with Spain

Commerce has again proved itself a peacemaker. Our trade with Spain last year was fully up to the average during the best years of the last decade. We bought from her goods to the value of \$5,950,047, and sold her goods to the value of \$13,399,680. In only one year (1898) have these figures been exceeded. This fortunate condition of affairs has much simplified Minister Storer's mission of negotiating a treaty of amity, commerce, navigation and general intercourse, and he has now reported that such a treaty has been signed provisionally by the Spanish Minister of State and himself. The details have not yet been received, but it is assumed that the treaty is based on the conventional lines which provide for intercommunication, and it probably contains provisions which carry out those relations growing out of the territorial changes resulting from the war. It will be an advantage to have a modern treaty with Spain. Our former treaty was made during the last century and recognizes Florida as a Spanish colony.

Akron's Riot

Akron, Ohio, has a white population of 40,000 and 3,000 colored; it is thirty-eight miles south of Cleveland, in the very heart of a steady, intelligent part of the country; but has an unenviable record of violence charged against it. Last week a Negro desperado outraged a mere child, and a night of terror followed. Almost in a moment a mob of dangerous proportions took possession of the city. The authorities promptly sent the criminal to Cleveland, but when the mob learned that the object of their fury was beyond their reach, they appeared to be possessed with demons. Firearms were everywhere in evidence, three persons received deadly wounds (two of them being children of tender years), while more than a score were badly injured. Property to the value of \$200,000 was destroyed, the municipal buildings and the prison being included. The mob was not composed of half-drunken outlaws, nor of red-handed anarchists; on the contrary, its leaders and the overwhelming majority of its following were citizens of repute. There was no occasion for any suspicion that the wretched desperado would not receive the fullest punishment of the law. It is true the crime was of the most revolting type, but that does not satisfactorily account for the popular frenzy which con-

verted the inhabitants of such a city into a howling, desperate, unreasoning mob. Except for the quick repression of the rioters there does not appear to be any difference between the latest outbreak in the North and those which occur so frequently in the South. It would be easy to attribute such disturbances to some undiscovered microbe, but the cause lies deeper, and will require more careful diagnosis. If it should be claimed that the American people in general are in need of some elementary teaching along certain lines too much neglected, it would be hard to dispute the claim. Respect for law, and for the institutions of law, must be taught in families, schools and churches if we would escape the disgraceful scenes which have been presented by New Orleans, New York and Akron during the last month.

Fayerweather Will Case Once More

As late as the 12th of last month Judge Lacombe, of the United States Circuit Court, rendered a decision that was construed as having the effect of sustaining the will of Daniel B. Fayerweather, and twenty interested institutions of learning drew a long breath. The same judge has now granted permission to the former complainants to file replies to the pleas of the defendants, and this opens the door to test the validity of the releases signed by the widow and her two nieces, which their counsel claim were obtained by "duress, lack of consideration, and fraud." At the same time an attempt will be made to substitute the will of 1880 as the true will, displacing the will of 1884, with its codicils. Should they succeed in this, twelve out of the twenty colleges named in the last-mentioned will, with two others (Trinity and Union), receive the first half of the estate, and \$3,000,000 will go to the estate of the widow and her next of kin.

Negroes in Business

The Negroes who came to Boston last week to form a National Business League have made an excellent impression. Successful business Negroes have told the story of their lives with justifiable pride, and have spoken words in marked contrast to the indiscreet and intemperate exhortations which have been heard, even in Boston. Bankers, dealers in real estate, operators of mines, merchants, tailors, caterers and barbers have all spoken along the same lines, and have agreed that the welfare of the Negroes is in their own hands. There has been very little disposition to find fault with existing conditions, bad as they are in many parts of the country, but a very general agreement that the best way out of difficulties lies in the direction of more character, enterprise and integrity on the part of the colored people themselves. "The South is the

Negroes' home," declared one speaker. There is discrimination on the railroads, but the remedy is to own the railroads. There is no discrimination against the Negro artisan in the South, while in the North such artisans cannot work with white people on account of the rules of the labor unions. We have the undisputed testimony of the Negro himself that the South is full of opportunity for work, and that he is nowhere encouraged to do his work well to the same extent that he is in his old home. "We can work anywhere we want to in the South," said one speaker, and this cannot be said of the Negroes of the North. The keynote of the meeting was Booker T. Washington's theory that the acquisition of property by untiring labor, and the building up of character by faithful adherence to the principles of righteousness, is the work to which the Negroes of the United States are divinely called.

Estimating Census Results

The progress made in the work of tabulating the returns of the twelfth census has furnished a base for some revised estimates as to the total population, and also as to the percentage which the urban bears to the rural. Some of the most sanguine prophets have looked for the returns to show a population of 78,000,000, but the tabulated returns of about one-third the 52,600 enumeration districts are said to show that this estimate is too high by at least three millions, and that the population will be shown to be under 75,000,000. The census returns for 1890 showed the population at that time to be 62,622,250, and of this number twenty-nine per cent. were living in cities of not less than eight thousand inhabitants. Contrary to the first impressions, the twelfth census will show that this proportion has increased to thirty-three per cent. In 1790 it was only three per cent. Whether future enumerations will continue to show an increase is an interesting speculative question to which theorists give various answers. It is a well-known principle of statistics and of biology that the denser the population the slower the increase, and immigration (so far as it settles down upon the cities) only hastens the conditions which produce a smaller increase.

Russia as a Marplot

Russia not having declared her intentions in the Far East, it is uncertain what course she has laid out, but very disquieting rumors are coming from that direction. Technically the Powers were not at war with China up to the date of their entry into Peking, although they were engaged in military operations with a specific object in view — the relief of the legations. This object having been attained, one of the Russian commanding officers has announced that his country is at war with China. Up to this time the Government at St. Petersburg has neither affirmed nor denied the statement. There is some reason for the fear that Russia will separate herself from the other Powers, and proceed to deal with China alone. The difficulties in Manchuria appear to be well in hand; direct communication will soon be restored with Newchwang and Port Arthur; and northwestern Manchuria will be cleared

of the Chinese armed forces, enabling the various Russian columns to unite preparatory to re-opening the road between Chabin and Moukden. This will give Russia an unassailable base, and leave her with a free hand and a large force to invade China from that direction. Should she take such action, it will remain for the other Powers to decide whether they will remain neutral, or whether they will unite to preserve the integrity of China — it is hardly to be supposed they will join with Russia after the responses Great Britain, Germany and the United States have already made to the overtures of Li Hung Chang.

Iron Ore

Although twenty-four States contributed to the output of iron ore last year, Michigan and Minnesota alone furnished nearly two-thirds of the total amount. In 1890 England took 18,062,046 tons of iron ore from her mines, and she held the record until 1898, when the United States mined 19,433,176 tons. The official report for the year 1899 is just at hand, showing that the United States produced 24,683,173 tons — an increase of 5,249,997 tons, or more than twenty-seven per cent. There were 9,146,157 tons taken from Michigan's mines, 8,161,289 from those of Minnesota, and 1,009,325 from those of Alabama. The maximum production in the Lake Superior region was increased from 13,779,308 tons in 1898 to 17,802,955 tons. The value of this enormous output, at the mouth of the mines, is \$34,999,077; that is at the rate of \$1.42 a ton, and is an increase of twenty-eight cents (24.6 per cent.) over the average value of the preceding year. The lowest average cost of mining is ninety cents a ton, and this price is possible only in Texas where convict labor is employed.

Value of Exports from the Farm

In opening the National Farmers' Congress, at Denver, Colorado, last week, Captain R. G. F. Candage, of Boston, who is first vice-president of the association, emphasized the importance of building up our merchant marine in order that the surplus products of the farms may be provided with adequate transportation facilities. After a brief survey of the food-producing areas of the world, he said that for the present and the future the best return to the tiller of the soil is to be found on this continent. The United States is now producing one-fourth of the world's wheat, three-fourths of its corn, and sixty per cent. of its cotton, besides large crops of rye, barley, oats, etc. The poultry of the United States lays eggs to the value of \$100,000,000, and increases the national resources by \$140,000,000 annually. While the value of the manufactures exported in 1898-99 was \$338,675,558, the agricultural exports amounted to \$784,989,087 — more than double.

Foreign Demand for American Typewriters

One of the manufacturers of writing machines advertises it as having wings. This might be claimed for all American typewriters. A recent metropolitan newspaper mentioned a shipment to Punta Arenas, the extreme southern point of South America, and another to Vladivostok, Russia's seaport in the Far East. Many of the missionaries and business

men in China use American typewriters; every regiment in the Philippines has from three to five in constant use at regimental headquarters; all the ships of the navy carry them; and they are already an important item in the export trade. For the last fiscal year the returns show the receipt of \$2,697,544 from this source, and Japan bought \$2,211 worth in a single month. They are finding their way to the ends of the earth, and nearly all languages (except the Chinese and Japanese) are found on their keyboards. From being recognized as a great convenience they have rapidly passed to the point where they are almost a necessity. Very few modern inventions have won so large a place in so short a time.

Present Army of the United States

Nominally the army of the United States consists of 100,000 men, of which 65,000 are regulars and 35,000 are volunteers. Inasmuch as the volunteers must be discharged by June 30, 1901, the War Department has allowed the number to gradually run down to about 31,000. The ranks of the regulars do not contain more than 64,000 men; so that we have at this time about 95,000 men under arms. Of this number 900 regulars are in Alaska; the combined forces in Porto Rico amount to 2,400; in Cuba, 5,500; there are 7,200 troops now under orders or on their way to China; 60,800 in the Philippines; and about 17,000 in the United States. One of the most urgent duties which await the coming session of Congress is to provide for an army adequate to the needs of the country. In this connection a recent report issued by the War Department is of interest. The returns up to the first of June show that the average number of regular troops in the Philippines during the last two years has been about 18,000. Out of this number 36 officers and 920 enlisted men have lost their lives, and almost seventy per cent. of this loss was due to disease. The losses in the volunteer force, which has maintained about the same average, is 41 officers and 854 enlisted men. For some unknown reason the volunteers have lost a smaller proportion from diseases than the regulars. The total is 77 officers and 1,744 men.

Glasgow's Municipal Ownership

Glasgow is a city with a population of 724,339 — the second largest in Great Britain. In municipal ownership it has been the most prolific of suggestion, the most successful in operation, and the most radical in development of all the cities of the United Kingdom. Dissatisfied with the street-car service, which was inaugurated in 1873, it refused to renew the leases expiring in 1894 and undertook the management of its own local transportation. From 31½ miles the routes have been increased to 84, and within the next year will be extended thirty-seven miles farther. It began by removing all advertisements from the cars, furnishing uniforms to conductors and drivers, reducing the day's work to ten hours, and cutting the fare in half by doubling the distance one might ride for one cent. The fares range from the half-mile ride for one cent to the six-mile ride for six cents; and of the 119,000,000 passengers carried last year one-

third of them paid the lowest fare. Next year the one-cent fare will carry the passenger three-quarters of a mile, and for two cents one may ride three miles. The last of the horse-cars will have disappeared then, and the cost of changing to electric traction will have amounted to \$5,000,000. For the year ending with May the cash receipts were \$2,196,120, and the expenses were \$1,590,525, leaving a profit of \$605,595. Glasgow has now grown tired of the local telephone monopoly with its antiquated instruments, poor service and exorbitant prices, and has undertaken the inauguration of municipal telephone service. It has fixed the price at \$27.50 for each annual subscriber, as against \$50 now charged by the monopoly. When mention is made of Glasgow's success, it is always asserted that it has been attained because there are in that city men enough to manage its affairs as a business enterprise for the public benefit, rather than as a political manipulation for partisan purposes. That only makes one regret that our American local politicians had not been imported from Scotland rather than from any other country which has contributed its surplus population for the management of American municipal affairs to so large an extent.

Belgium's Latest Census

On Dec. 31, 1896, the population of Belgium was 6,495,886; the results of the latest enumeration, made on the last day of the year 1899, show a slight increase, the present figures being 6,744,582. It has long enjoyed the distinction of being one of the most densely peopled countries in the world, and (what is quite as remarkable) the immigrants have for some years exceeded the emigrants. Whether this feature appears in the census just completed is not stated in such reports as have been sent out up to this time. The average rate of increase is about one per cent. a year, and it will be seen that it has more than maintained the average during the last three years. Antwerp is the most populous city, with 282,018 inhabitants, and Brussels the second in rank, with 210,065; but the latter city, with its eight contiguous suburbs (Greater Brussels), has a population of 570,884.

Outbreak at Amoy

Until last week the southern provinces of China, so far as reported, had remained comparatively quiet. The anti-foreign element unexpectedly appeared in some strength at Amoy, and threatened, not only the commercial interests of the city, but the tenure which Japan has of the neighboring island of Formosa. This island was ceded to her at the conclusion of her late war with China, but the inhabitants have stubbornly resisted the Japanese authorities, and in their resistance they have had the sympathy of their kinsmen on the mainland. Amoy is the chief city of the province of Fuhkien, which is opposite Formosa. Japan has her eye on this province, in the event of any dismemberment of China, and it is recognized as being within her sphere of influence. It is for this reason that she is taking the lead in landing troops at Amoy, and it is not unlikely that this

latest outbreak is directed more against Japan in particular than against foreigners in general. An American man-of-war has been ordered to Amoy, but her commanding officer has the usual orders not to land any men except for the protection of American interests. This policy is maintained even at Shanghai, where the French and the British have landed large bodies of men under arms. It is extremely probable that Japan will be given a free hand in the province of Fuhkien.

Wrecking Corporations

Four men were recently indicted in Brooklyn, N. Y., for entering into a conspiracy to depress the price of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock. Three of them were found guilty and sent to jail. That is a refreshing instance of what the law might do if those who were sworn to execute it were true to their oath. In view of the fact that a similar corporation was criminally wrecked in New York city about the time the raid was made on Brooklyn Rapid Transit, that the stock raiders got away with millions of property belonging to helpless owners, and that all the chief operators are well known, it would seem logical that they, too, should be sent to jail along with these smaller-sized robbers who were put up to their work by speculators whose capital runs into the millions. There is no form of property so utterly at the mercy of liars as that invested in the stock of well-known corporations; and as this is a species of property most sought out for safe investment, it would seem as if more vigorous examples of punishment were needed at this time. If half a dozen stock speculators were sent to jail every week, it would do more to steady prices than all the tariff bills that were ever passed.

Unreliable Reports from China

The most remarkable fact in connection with the Chinese situation is that, at this writing, no official information has been given out later than the 19th. The most hopeful one is that the War Department has ordered the troops, originally designed to reinforce General Chaffee, to be sent to Manila. The most humiliating one is that the official representatives of the civilized Christian Powers, who were sent to Peking for the purpose of rescuing imperiled lives, checking rapine and restoring order, have resorted to a systematic system of looting. If the Chinese have brought shame to the world through the acts of the Boxers, a large proportion of the relieving army has brought disgrace by this latest manifestation of unrestrained plunder, robbery and thieving. This army, sent to vindicate law and order, has forgotten its mission, and set an example which the Chinese will be quick to follow should opportunity occur. It is devoutly to be hoped, and it is generally believed, that our own soldiers are not parties to this shameless violation of property rights.

There are rumors that a Chinese army of ten thousand men, carefully trained in European manoeuvres, is approaching Peking, threatening an attack; and that two detachments, aggregating seven thousand men, menace the communication between Tien-Tsin and Peking. The prevailing opinion is that there is very little danger

to be apprehended from these sources. The imperial family, including Prince Tuan, escaped from Peking before the arrival of the allies, according to the best information obtainable. They are making their way to the ancient capital, which is in an inaccessible region, some six hundred miles from Peking. It is written in various forms, but "Shan-fu" is the most common. Two years ago there was a report that the capital was to be removed from Peking to this interior city, but there is no information that any real preparations for the removal were made. The further the Empress Dowager flees, the better will she please the Christian world.

Events Worth Noting

Archbishop Chapelle has written that he is about through with his investigations in the Philippines, and that he will be ready to make his report to the Pope in November.

Owing to a threatened uprising in Hankow, twenty-seven men-of-war of the various nationalities, with crews aggregating seven thousand men, have assembled at Shanghai and Woo-Sung.

Thirty picked Italian police agents are said to be on their way to New York to watch anarchists in the Italian quarters. The Italian Government has appropriated \$62,500 for the expenses of the service.

The will of Collis P. Huntington gives his art collection (valued at two million dollars) to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, \$100,000 to Hampton Institute, and \$25,000 to a New York Home for the Aged and Infirm. These are the only public bequests.

Three large German transports, loaded with troops, arrived at Taku last week, and at least one full regiment has reached Peking. Three Russian vessels have also arrived at Taku. The 15th Infantry, 3rd Artillery and 500 Marines are in camp at Tien-Tsin.

Four white men, recognized as prominent citizens, pleaded guilty and were sentenced to imprisonment for life in Texas for being the leading spirits in a white lynching in that State. Eight white men have been sentenced to imprisonment for life for lynching three men in the Trans-Cedar district.

At Cardiff, Wales, no coal is being handled, and thirty thousand colliers are idle because the general manager of the Taffvale Railway has refused to meet a representative of a labor union. The bulk of the steam coal used by the British navy and merchant marine is transported by this road, and the strike, unless settled immediately, will cause much embarrassment.

The 138 fraternal insurance companies in the United States are much exercised over Commissioner Wilson's ruling that each organization must pay a revenue tax of 8 cents for every \$100 in every policy written since July 1, 1898. As many of the companies have no reserve fund, it is a serious problem to know where the money is coming from if the law is enforced. The 14th annual session of the National Fraternal Congress is now in session at Boston.

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was opened at Chicago on Saturday evening, followed by impressive religious services on the following day. The recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief that Memorial Day be changed to the last Sunday in May, with the hope that the day may be rid of the features which now distinguish it — such as boat-racing, base-ball and sports of all kinds — is worthy of consideration.

“THINGS WHICH ARE INDIFFERENT”

THERE are many lessons to be learned of the pagan philosophers, but perhaps few things are more helpful than this saying of Marcus Aurelius: “As to living in the best way, this power is in the soul, if it be indifferent to things which are indifferent.” If we lived up to this rule, we would greatly simplify life. We spend much brain and nerve force over matters which really are of no moment. We get angry about petty slights, sometimes about fancied ones; we take sides in other people's feuds, join in arguments, and identify ourselves with many affairs with which we need not meddle, thus hindering ourselves from living in the best way. Let us reorganize our thinking and our actions, and cultivate indifference toward things which are indifferent.

CEREMONY OR COMMUNION

THE Lord's Supper is not a ceremony, it is a sacrament. More than a decorous rite, it is an act of divine worship. Society makes it a formal observance—perhaps a memorial symbol; but for the Christian believer it is drawing near to God in the holiest of holies. It is to be feared that it is because it has become to many but a mere ceremony that it is so carelessly observed and so often neglected by professed Christians.

Instituted by the Master with His chosen twelve in the most memorable crisis of their association, around it cluster the tenderest and most sacred memories of His earthly ministry and all the mysteries of His divine mission, symbolizing His sacrifice for the sins of the world. But beyond these there is a personal element which must not be forgotten, or we largely lose its essential significance.

We call it the Lord's Supper and the Communion, implying His personal presence and our personal communion with Him. If it be the Lord's Supper, of which He invites us to partake, or which we spread in His honor, then He must be present to confer the blessing or to receive the honor. If it be a communion, it implies even a closer relation—an intercommunication, an exchange of thought, a mingling of fellowship and love, a oneness of spirit. If He be not present, it is ceremony, not communion; the fite of the lodge, not the worship of the sanctuary; a human memorial, not a divine mystery.

When the disciples walked the Emmaus road with the Stranger, their hearts burned within them as He opened to them the Scriptures; but when He blessed the evening meal He was known to them in the breaking of bread. When they were gathered in the upper chamber with closed doors, they were a band of mourners; but their hearts were glad when they saw the Lord. If in the gray dawning the weary disciples see from their empty boat but an idle stranger on the Galilean shore, even before they have landed their boat is filled with fruitage of obedient toil, and at the shore they find the warming fire, the ready feast, and, more than all, the Master's gladdening presence, as John whispers, “It is the Lord,” and Peter's answer

is in all hearts, “Thou knowest that I love Thee.”

The Roman Catholic touches a grand truth in the real presence, but he misses its significance when he makes a piece of bread the living Christ. Not the bread is changed by priestly incantation, but wherever the disciples meet at the feast in His spirit and in His name, the Lord sits at the table. He blesses the bread and wine. He says: “Do this in remembrance of Me;” and, “Lo! I am with you always.” At every table He makes the feast communion.

SOOBOONAGAM AMMAL

We commend unto you Grace Stephens, our sister, who is a servant of the church which is at Madras, that ye receive her as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you, for she has been a succorer of many.

SO well might have written the Methodist Episcopal Church in India as it sent this rare woman to show to the church at home the fruit God has permitted her to gather from the seed sown



GRACE STEPHENS

in the mission which is sustained by the prayers and offerings of those on whose hearts God has placed the precious burden of caring for the souls of men. During the fifteen years in which she has been engaged in the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Madras, her wonderful faith and unceasing labors have been rewarded by marvelous results. Not only have scores of women in the dark zenanas received through her instrumentality their first vision of the light of life, but men of the world, educated to a contempt for idolatry and hardened with atheism, have been won to loyal service for Christ. The editor of a Hindu paper, an astrologer and magician of considerable local fame, and even a priest who had been worshiped as a god for thirty years, have been brought by her to the feet of our Master. Little starving children have been rescued and trained for great usefulness; homeless women have been raised into Christian workers; more than five hundred of India's secluded daughters are being regularly visited in their zenanas and taught the Bible; six

hundred children are gathered in nine Sunday-schools; a girls' orphanage and workers' home are carried on; and yet, after supervising all these, Miss Stephens edits the *Tamil Woman's Friend* and spares time to work in the English church.

Of all the precious souls given for her hire the conversion of Sooboonagam Ammal has been the subject of greatest wonder and thankfulness. Some who know the circumstances declare that the miracle in this case is only second to that of the conversion of St. Paul. For many of the same apparently unsurmountable barriers existed. She was a Brahmin of the Brahmins, of the priestly class, intensely loyal to the faith of her fathers, filled with religious zeal, “touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless,” and separated from the humble followers of the meek and lowly Jesus by pride of wealth and position. Who would have dared to ask that this beautiful young woman, sheltered in one of the most luxurious homes in Madras, bound by her social ties and her rigid caste rules, devoted in a peculiar measure to the rites prescribed by her religion (having been set apart by a special ceremony to a sacred life, involving frequent fasts extending in some cases to forty-five days), having built out of her own income a temple to an idol to which she gave rich gifts and had even purposed to place therein a golden image of herself in the act of worship, clothed in garments brought from holy temples, making pilgrimages to sacred rivers and the great shrines of Hinduism—who, indeed, would have dared to ask that this heart should be reached and this religious pride broken down to feel the need of the Saviour?

God's ways are not our ways. Into this eager young heart He put the desire to learn another language—the Tamil—in which were certain prayers to the gods, the reciting of which would confer great merit. Therefore, in order to add to her idolatry, she sought a teacher, and application was made to one of our Bible women. Miss Stephens' assent was gladly given on condition that the Bible should be the chief text-book. Earnest prayer was offered, and yet a year and a half went by without any sign of interest in the spiritual teachings. Then a change came, and she began to search the Scriptures. Speaking of this time, she says: “The Spirit of God was given me to know the truth.”

The tale of her struggles against her convictions of the truth and her love for her home and her mother, whose most cherished child she knew herself to be, of her final preparations for departure and her silent farewells to her dear circle, is a most thrilling one. On Christmas night she fled from her home, and running through the dark streets, she threw herself into Miss Stephens' arms, saying: “I am God's Christmas gift to you.” Precious, precious gift! How it paid for years of toil and hardship! The relatives soon followed, and with entreaties and threats endeavored to dissuade her from becoming a Christian. They pleaded with her not to disgrace their caste and family and the memory of her father, who was a prominent lawyer of Madras, held in honor by Europeans and Hindus alike. They told her of the loss of her property if

she persisted, and her mother added heart-rending cries and tears to her entreaties; but through all this terrible ordeal Sooboonagam stood firm. When they were gone she said to Miss Stephens: "Only you and God now."

A few weeks later she was publicly baptized, and before a crowded church she stood and sang "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee." Aye, truly, a heavy cross—the loss of wealth, social position, friends, her mother, sister and husband, and all her relatives. They prepared an effigy of her, and had a public funeral, at which the figure was burned, the priests meanwhile shouting, "Dead! Dead!" Her mother caused the door out of which she passed to be built up, and went on a long and weary pilgrimage to the Ganges, four hundred miles away, in a sad effort to atone for her daughter's action.

Sooboonagam has applied herself diligently to study, and has become a most successful worker among the children and women in the villages around Madras as well as in many of the zenanas. If God spares her life, we look confidently to her for very effective service in that great city. She has taken this long journey to America that our hearts may be encouraged as we see what God can do for a soul in spite of hindrances, and that we may be stirred to greater effort for others who need the same Gospel.

As she related some facts concerning her manner of worship—the long hours of meditation on the Vedas, the scrupulous observance of the rites and forms—some one asked if in these austerities she had ever found peace. She looked up quickly and replied, "No, no peace!" The peace of God which passeth all understanding keeps her now, and she delights in singing "By Thy grace, I'll follow Thee."

Miss Stephens and Sooboonagam Ammal will be in New England during September and a few weeks in November, and will speak in many of our pulpits.

Senator Dolliver

ALTHOUGH Governor Shaw of Iowa is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Congressman Jonathan P. Dolliver, appointed United States Senator from Iowa to fill the vacancy made by the death of John Henry Gear, is a Methodist and the son of a Methodist minister, yet no one will presume to say that church affiliations influenced the appointment. Indeed, since the death of Senator Gear men of all parties have predicted that Congressman Dolliver would receive the appointment at the hands of Governor Shaw because of his pre-eminent ability and fitness for the high honor. The *Chicago Times-Herald* shows with what utter unselfishness the Governor has acted in the matter, saying:—

"In the appointment of the brilliant representative of the tenth district Governor Shaw also signalizes in a marked manner his willingness to put aside personal ambition for the interest of his party and the State. It is well known that the Governor has a strong personal following over the State, and that he would be a formidable candidate before the Legislature. If he had chosen to do so he might have made an appointment that would have been calculated to promote his own senatorial ambitions. In the appointment of Congressman Dolliver, however, he effectually blocks the way for himself to the Senate, for no Republican Legislature would fail to sustain the appointment of the brilliant orator who has honored the Hawkeye

commonwealth during his twelve years' service in the lower house.

"Next to Speaker Henderson Mr. Dolliver is the senior member of the Iowa delegation in the lower house—a delegation that ranks among the strongest in Congress. For high average ability, popularity and prominence in important constructive legislation, Iowa may easily challenge comparison of its congressional delegation with that of any other State, and Mr. Dolliver easily stands at the head as a graceful and captivating orator.

"The Senate needs a new infusion of forensic ability. The probable retirement of Senator Wolcott, the silver-tongued orator from Colo-



SENATOR DOLLIVER

rado, makes the accession of Dolliver a timely one. Although legislation is coming to be more and more a matter of committee work, still there are great and stirring issues forging to the front which will lend themselves to graceful and forceful oratory—the kind that should not be allowed to die out in the halls of the national Congress."

Senator Dolliver is a native of West Virginia and a graduate of the University of West Virginia. He was admitted to the bar in 1878, and settled in Fort Dodge, Ia. Although ever active as a Republican, he did not seek office, and, in fact, held none until his election to the Fifty-first Congress. His re-election every term since that time was an easy matter. He is not yet forty-three, and is in the full vigor of life.

Sophisticating the Conscience

HOW easy it is to sophisticate the conscience, to make ourselves believe that we are particularly sensitive to its behests, when really we are jealous of our opinions or our preferences, or an obstinate will has been aroused and demands gratification. "Know thyself" is not less necessary today for the person who would not be self-deceived, than when Socrates uttered those great words in the dim spiritual light of the long ago.

The writer had for a schoolmate a very able and worthy friend, who as he came to his majority refused to qualify as an American citizen because the Constitution of the United States did not contain the word God. He became increasingly strenuous about the matter, and magnified it out of all due importance and proportion. Naturally generous and unsuspicious, his vision in the passing years became so distorted that he judged every man, even his friends, by the attitude which they took towards the reform which he championed—"the effort to put God into the Constitution of the United States." His shibboleth was his conscience and the obligation it put upon him to press this reform. At last it became a mania, and so mentally unbalanced did he become that his friends were obliged to place him in an asylum. A graduate of one of our leading colleges and a young man of unusual promise, he lives a

failure and ultimate wreck because he did not know himself and unwittingly sophisticated his conscience.

PERSONALS

—Dean and Mrs. W. E. Huntington, who have spent the summer in England, sail for home, Aug. 30.

—Rev. F. C. Ditto and wife are on their way to India to reinforce the teaching staff of the Mussoorie boys' school.

—Mrs. Alexander Van Winkle, who recently died at Franklin, Ill., bequeathed \$1,000 to the Board of Education of our church.

—Chancellor and Mrs. J. R. Day, of Syracuse University, were recently the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Warren, at Santa Cruz, Cal., for a few days.

—We regret to learn that Rev. O. H. Fernald, of Dexter, Me., is obliged to relinquish his pastorate, and will soon remove to South West Harbor, Me.

—Secretary Willis W. Cooper is to address the Chicago Preachers' Meeting on the Twentieth Century Forward Movement, Sept. 3, when it resumes its regular sessions.

—The *Northwestern* of last week says: "Bishop J. W. Hamilton with his family passed through Chicago Monday on his way to his new episcopal home in San Francisco."

—Bishop Henry McNeal Turner of the African Methodist Episcopal Church was married in Baltimore, Aug. 16, to Mrs. Harriet E. Wayman, widow of the late Bishop A. W. Wayman.

—Major General Joseph Wheeler has been asked to deliver during next winter a course of lectures on the great battles of the world before the department of history of the University of Chicago.

—Rev. William Love, D. D., of Minneapolis, Minn., who has been spending his vacation in New Hampshire, called at this office last week. He is greatly attached to the West. Dr. Love will return to his church next week.

—Miss Josephine Stahl, of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Darjeeling, India, has just arrived at her home at Diagonal, Iowa. Miss Stahl's terrible experience in the Darjeeling disaster necessitated her returning home to regain her shattered health.

—Rev. E. R. Fulkerson, D. D., president of the Methodist Episcopal College in Nagasaki, Japan, recently arrived in Colorado, where his physicians have advised him to remain for a few months of much-needed rest. Dr. Fulkerson has been doing double work since Dr. Vail has been on leave in this country.

—The *Central* observes: "The Iowa State camp-meeting at Clear Lake, which was in charge of Rev. H. H. Fairall, editor of the *Iowa Methodist*, was very successful. Rev. Thomas Harrison, the evangelist, was in attendance, preaching with his usual fervor and effectiveness, and much good was done."

—The *California Christian Advocate* of last week refers to a former resident of New England in saying: "Dr. W. A. Wright, of Ontario, preached at First Church, San Bernardino, Aug. 6. The *Index* of that city says: 'Dr. Wright is a clever and convincing speaker. His remarks were weighted with practical truth.'"

—President Gary, of the Federal Steel Company, is to build a Methodist church at Wheaton, Ill., as a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Gary, his father and mother,

who for a lifetime resided in Wheaton and were closely identified with the religious life of that place. The building will cost between \$50,000 and \$75,000.

—Secretary Thirkield of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society called at this office on Monday.

—The *Western* states that "Rev. F. C. Pillsbury, pastor of Centenary Church, Lexington, received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from Lawrence University at its late commencement."

—The late Collis P. Huntington, giving only one of his many millions to a worthy charity, justifies the unfavorable characterizations of the man which have appeared in the public press since his death.

—The *Evangelist* of New York says: "Who talks about the dead line? That veteran in the service, Rev. Benjamin Parsons, recently of Seattle, Wash., has accepted in his seventy-fifth year a hearty call to the pastorate of the self-supporting church of Carbondale, Wash., and has entered upon his work."

—Old Home Day and the 150th anniversary of the town of Salem, N. H., were celebrated with great enthusiasm, Aug. 14. The Governor of New Hampshire and his staff were present, and the Governor spoke briefly. Dr. C. W. Gallagher, of Auburn-dale, delivered the historical address, which was received with special favor by the large audience that listened to it.

—The will of Mrs. Margaret J. Bennett, of Baltimore, who was well known for her charities, was filed in that city, Aug. 21. Among the bequests we note the following: Woman's College, \$25,000, the income to be used in founding six Margaret J. Bennett scholarships; Home for the Aged of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$25,000; Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, \$30,000.

—Rev. A. Carman, D. D., General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, recently returned from his trip to Europe and Palestine. Dr. Carman was given a royal but deserved welcome at the English Wesleyan Conference. The *Methodist Times*, of London, speaking of his sermon in connection with the Conference, says: "Men of many types, meeting on Monday morning, agreed that it was the greatest sermon any of them had heard for many years."

—Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, Ph. D., recently elected dean of the Woman's College, Northwestern University, is a daughter of Rev. J. B. Foote, of Syracuse, N. Y. Her husband was the well-known archaeologist, Prof. J. M. Crow. Mrs. Crow's chosen studies belong chiefly to the Shakespearian period, and she has become so generally recognized as an authority in that line that she was the first American invited to co-operate with the English editor of the Warwick edition of Shakespeare, and has edited "King Lear" and other plays in the series.

—Of the young hero of Pekin, the *Chicago Times-Herald* says: "Everybody in Vinton, Iowa, is proud to claim Calvin P. Titus as a townsman. When he scaled the walls of the city of Pekin and hoisted the Stars and Stripes, as the first alien flag to float above the Chinese capital, young Titus did no more than his friends here might expect from him. He is a native son of Vinton. His father was Calvin Titus, a blacksmith in this town. Here young Calvin was educated and here he has spent his youth. The family removed to Wichita, Kan., and were living there at the time the United States declared war on Spain. Young Titus, who was paying a visit to Vermont, enlisted in Company K, First Vermont Volunteer Infantry, and was discharged from the

service on Nov. 2, 1898. In April, 1899, he enlisted in Company E of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, and was sent with that regiment to the Philippines. There he remained until last month, when he was transferred with his regiment to China. Pekin's hero is not yet twenty years old."

—At the Colored Business Men's Convention, held in this city last week, of which mention is made elsewhere, Hon. Isaiah T. Montgomery, formerly Jeff Davis' slave, the founder and mayor of Mound Bayou, Miss., a colored municipality, was a marked character. In his address he said: "We have little to do with politics. The county prohibits liquor traffic, and the Negro vote is counted on to uphold this law. The colored people do business with banks. We are sharing in the improvement now going on all over the South."

BRIEFLETS

The new Discipline can be secured of C. R. Magee, 38 Bromfield St., for 30 cents.

The *Central Christian Advocate* of St. Louis is about to remove to Kansas City, in obedience to the mandate of the General Conference.

God does not feel grieved if we learn slowly. He knows that to learn well is better than to learn quickly.

A mob setting fire to a church in Shoal Creek, Tenn., last week, because the pastor, Rev. Guy Bryant, was a "holiness preacher," shows that the South is a long way from learning the lesson of religious tolerance which is and has been so long exercised here in New England.

The *Pilot's* modest and unassertive reply to our inquiry of last week, found on another page, will awaken serious consideration on the part of many who are greatly distressed over the painful problem.

No one knows where the thistledown is blowing. No one knows where the seed of truth is going. Somewhere both will find root. It is the wind of God that wafts them.

The editor of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, commenting on the failure of the Southern Epworth League convention at Atlanta, says: "The reaction from the convention craze among us in the last few years has been a good thing, and doubtless our brethren are profiting in the same way."

We do not always achieve self-sacrifice when we do the things we would choose not to do. Self-sacrifice must be characterized by wisdom as well as by unselfishness. It must take into account the gain to others quite as much as the cost to self.

The thing that, more than all else, makes Christianity the conquering, all-prevailing religion, is its message of cheer. The heart of the world hungers and thirsts for cheer.

Responding to a call from members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Indianapolis, a large number of Christian men and women met at the First Baptist Church in that city, Aug. 21, and spent the time from 9 o'clock A. M. till 4 P. M. in fasting and prayer for the redemption of the city from the lawlessness which has resulted from the wide-open policy of the mayor. Addresses were made and fervent prayers offered for protection against the evils which have followed upon the lax administration of the law against saloons

and gambling and other kinds of vice. Something potent and remedial will result from that day of fasting and prayer. When God's people are thus driven to their knees in cries for help in their helplessness, they are not disappointed.

There is one thing that can mend all broken commandments, and that is a new life.

Missionary Secretary Leonard has received a cablegram dated Pekin, Aug. 20, signed by Minister Conger and Messrs. Wherry, Hobart and Smith, which says: "The surviving North China native Christians are destitute and homeless. Send immediate help—thank-offering."

When men declare that the world is growing worse, in nearly every instance you will find that they are helping to make it so.

This paragraph from the *Pittsburg* is especially pertinent and suggestive: "Said a minister to us the other day: 'We are not rich out in my charge. We cannot do much toward the Twentieth Century offering in the way of giving money; but I held a little revival meeting not long ago, and have fifteen conversions to report on the other end of the movement.' With such an announcement as that, he need not apologize for being poor in cash."

Stranger things have happened in the world than that men should graft thistles so that they shall bear figs. Nothing is wholly past redeeming.

No mission field is in more immediate and urgent need than Porto Rico. The Methodist Episcopal Church is particularly fortunate in the superintendent selected for this work. On another page Dr. Drees presents briefly some phases of the new mission. We earnestly hope the amount suggested may be speedily provided. This is practically home work, as the island belongs to us and is so near.

Be sure that God loves every one of us, and would go a thousand times farther to bring us home than we have gone to forsake our home.

One man designs the wall; many men lay the stones. All are temple-builders.

The *Biblical World* for September contains an important symposium on "The Use of a Doctrinal Catechism." The majority of the respondents do not approve of the suggestion. President Hall of Clark University says: "I answer with the utmost emphasis that doctrine is not for children, but for adults. The most careful study of the child's mind shows that before eighteen or twenty years of age there is no interest in anything Pauline, and that other elements of the Bible than Paul's should take precedence up to that age."

Among the disadvantages of the summer vacation is the increasingly lengthened interruption of the regular work of the church. Pastors on their return from their vacations can do much to overcome the harmful results which are likely to continue into the autumn. Let the pastor make his presence felt at once, both in the church and out of it. Let the preaching be a little more attractive and persuasive. Fill the thought of the community with the impression that church work in all its departments is to be resumed at once. Comprehensive pastoral visitation is needed, and will bear much fruit. One of the most successful of our New England ministers established the custom of devoting two or

three weeks four times in the year to the earnest spiritual visitation of his people. He used to say that he could increase his congregation at least one-third by the practice.

A second edition of Dr. William McDonald's "Life Sketches of Rev. Alfred Cookman" is received. This is an inspired and inspiring volume. We wish that every preacher in the denomination would read it. The book will lead to holier living and doing. The errors of printing and paging which appeared in the first issue have been eliminated in this.

Is there any one of us who needs to be told that God cares for him? The assurance is repeated ten thousand times a day, by every function of conscious life. A little break in the smooth security of our daily existence thunders it forth with startling emphasis. Yet how often we complain that God forgets us, or does not grant us our due! It is man who is always forgetting God, not God who forgets man.

The conviction of the existence of God is all that keeps this earth from becoming pandemonium.

Announcement of the death of Rev. W. V. Morrison, D. D., received at the last moment before going to press, will be found on the last page.

A cablegram received by Secretary Leonard last week indicates that our missionaries who were in Pekin are alive and well; and other advices confirm the hope that all our missionaries in China, by a wonderful Providence, escaped violence.

THE DISCIPLINE OF 1900

WE congratulate the editor and publishers of the new Discipline on the promptness and thoroughness of their work. The all-important book is issued at a period of the year nearly two months prior to that in which the corresponding volume of 1896 came out.

It is substantially the same book—more nearly so than some other issues have been as compared with their predecessors. This will surprise many who have been impressed with the radical character of the Conference of 1900. It is only on a very few pages of the Discipline that any change occurs, although those changes are in some instances extremely important. The Episcopal Address and Historical Statement remain precisely the same. So does Part I, "The Church," save that a correction is made in ¶42 and ¶47 of a number which before was wrongly printed. In Part II, "The Conferences," occurs the first real alteration where, in ¶60, a weighty line provides that lay delegates shall be equal in number to ministerial. And in ¶96 the insertion of two words makes the approval of class-leaders by the quarterly conference essential to their membership therein. In Part III, "The Ministry," three paragraphs are altered. We find in ¶173 the highly significant line making it one of the duties of a Bishop to "appoint the preachers to the pastoral charges annually;" simply that and nothing more, without restriction of years. ¶148 gives power to unordained preachers received on trial and regularly appointed to a charge to solemnize mar-

riage. In this paragraph, by the way, occurs one of the very few typographical errors of the book; for we presume it should be "Bishop presiding" instead of "Bishop residing." ¶179 is altered so as to specify that "when two or more Missionary Bishops are located in the same foreign mission-field, they shall be co-ordinate with one another."

In Part IV, Chapter 3 on Deaconesses is entirely reconstructed, and most admirably laid out under five heads, covering five pages and a half instead of two as before. Chapter 3 under Part VII, which relates to the Sunday School Union, is also entirely recast, with manifest improvement. Part V, which covers "Judicial Administration," remains the same, and the famous ¶248, on "Imprudent and Unchristian Conduct," stands without the alteration of a letter. In Part VI, ¶301 authorizes the election of trustees by the members of the church under certain specified conditions. In the part concerned with Benevolent Institutions there are certain changes as to the secretaries. We are glad to see the additional item 10 under ¶347, section 5, making it the duty of the superintendent of the Sunday-school to report quarterly the amount raised for missions during the quarter. This was voted by the committee on Missions, but we were under the impression it was one of the reports which did not get acted on by the General Conference. ¶366, making it incumbent on presiding elders and pastors to report in Conference as to whether they have done their duty to the Missionary Society, is eliminated. The section on City Evangelization is wholly recast and much enlarged.

The principal enlargement of the book—for it has more pages than the other—is in the Appendix. Here the proposed new Constitution is given in full; also the extensive Temperance report. This latter is not only much longer than the one it displaces, but every way much stronger and far more satisfactory to those who wish to see the Methodist Episcopal Church lead the prohibition column. Additional courses of study are printed. Besides the German, Swedish, Italian, Spanish, and Norwegian and Danish, heretofore given, we have one for Deaconesses, one for the Finns, and one for the Chinese.

The section on Boundaries shows that we now have 124 Annual Conferences instead of 123, while the missions in existence or provided for, and the enabling acts, bring the entire possible number up to 165. The Ritual is unaltered.

In spite of the various changes, by skillful and judicious manipulation the paragraph numbers remain, in almost all cases, the same in the new Discipline as in the old, which greatly facilitates comparison and helps to preserve the continuity of the book.

The pastors will, of course, speedily provide themselves with this exceedingly convenient manual. And we urge every official member to possess himself at once of a copy. How else can he rightly discharge his duties? If the sales of this edition are doubled, or trebled, it will be an indication that the new powers and responsibilities now devolving on the laity are properly appreciated.

OUR PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

NEW ENGLAND Methodism has abundant cause for congratulation in regard to its institutions of learning. When Bishops Coke and Asbury had only ashes and ruins to show for their early efforts to establish schools and colleges, the Methodists of New England took up the burden and founded the first college and the first preparatory school. Now, modeled after the New England style, we have institutions of learning scattered broadcast all over the world wherever our church has been planted.

The preparatory, or secondary, schools of Methodism have been and are a tremendous factor for good. They were never more needed than at the present time. With the prevailing laxity of morals, and the manifest drift away from the true biblical and evangelical doctrines of religion, these schools, which from the first have been centres of vital religious forces and influences, are becoming more and more a necessity. If we are anxious to have our children trained in the truth of the Gospel as we apprehend it, trained in the highest realm of morals, trained in practical Christianity, brought within the range of perennial revival influences, let us by all means support our preparatory schools and send our children to them.

It often occurs that young people, because of overwork in the public schools, break down, and are unable to continue the course to graduation. Thus they drop out of their classes, and after a year or two of enforced absence they hesitate to begin again so far behind, and therefore quit school and give up the idea of securing an education. Our schools are well adapted to receive just such young people.

Then there are numbers of young people who have a genuine thirst for knowledge, but who, on account of the necessities of the case, have to leave school when they are ten or twelve years of age and go to work to earn their own living. They have aspirations and ambitions, and perchance they hear the call of God to special service; but the call implies education. Perhaps after years of toil and rigid economy they find themselves possessed of a few hundred dollars and determine to resume their studies and secure an education. It would be very awkward for them to commence over again in the public school, and go into classes with children not more than half their age; but they can enter our preparatory schools, and in a few terms nearly reach the ranks of those who have had better opportunities.

The Pilgrim Fathers left Holland because they were afraid their children would be drawn away from the purity of the Gospel by the worldliness that prevailed in the land of their exile, and so they secured for themselves and for their children a more favorable environment, thus making themselves immortal and their children the leaders in the matchless progress of humanity during these last three hundred years. If our Methodist people are wise for themselves and for their children, they will in every possible way and to the extent of their ability contribute to the prosperity and success of our preparatory schools. It is no time for a retrograde movement. The watchword of this last year of the nineteenth century must be: Forward! Forward!

PATHFINDERS

What is it calls?

A voice they do not know,
Urgent and deep;
And they arise and go,
Pushing their way
Through forest, over moor,
In hidden ways
Men never knew before.

A look of anxious care,
A burdened heart,
These are for pioneers
Who thus depart;
And lonely is their quest,
And rough their way,
While nights are long and drear,
And dawns delay.

Who cheers them? None!
A mocking cry, "Come back!"
Assails them when they leave
The beaten track;
Sneers are the guerdon
Of the men who dare,
There is no pity for them
In despair.

Why do they go?
They cannot help but peer
With wistful eyes
Into the far and near;
Because they must they go,
And clear a way
That shall be crowded
On a better day.

Down into depths of thought,
Up starry heights,
Through the dark mazes
Into steadfast lights;
They go on God's own errands,
And on thine;
Fear not to follow
Where they lead, and shine.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, in *Christian World*.

COUNTRY ROADS IN AUGUST

JAMES BUCKHAM.

I LOVE a country road, because it is free as the air, or as navigable waters, to all of us. You may wander along it all day, with no danger of being confronted by a trespassing sign, or ordered out of the grass by an irate farmer. It is everybody's manor, everybody's shrubbery and aviary—better than the fields, too, for plants and birds, because free to them in the same sense that it is free to the rambler and the gipsy. The wild growths of the fields creep under the fences into the country roads for protection from the plow, the scythe, and the hoe. There they are safe, like helpless women and children who have fled from massacre to the walls of a bristling town.

In August especially the luxuriance and tangled beauty of the country road afford a striking and grateful contrast to the shorn desolation or nibbled barrenness of the meadows and pastures on either side. All the native plants, sheltered and unmolested, crowd together in rustling masses between the roadway and the fence. Rank and tufted, they toss their plumed heads in the breeze, grateful that they have been spared to ripen their fruits and mature their seeds. Even the fences themselves are overrun with vines, upon which the fruits or berries already hang in ripening clusters. Yes, everybody's farm is dear to Nature; and there she gathers, every summer, her broods of vagabond

children, marching them in long lines of beauty up hill and down dale, across counties, states and continents.

In this procession, or rather by its side, I also love to march during the warm, redolent August days, when you can fairly taste the innocent wild wines in odors of ripening berries, and feel nature's exultation and delight in emanations from burgeoning fruit and pod. Verily, I believe that many of our most beautiful and familiar native growths of field and meadow would stand a fair chance of being exterminated, were it not for the refuge they find in the country road. Goldenrod, the gentians, elderberries, tansy, milkweed, primroses, caraway—how they are harried out by the farmer and driven to cover, as it were, along the sheltering banks of the roadside! It pleases me to see how well they are enabled to hold their own in these strongholds of the nomads, spite of scythe and hoe and fire. Something must be left for beauty's sake, O ye utilitarians! Let us not sacrifice all to the prose of gain.

A charming expedition for a nature-lover is to start out very early of an August morning, before the dew is off the grass or leaves, and strike into some little-traveled country road for a day of quiet exploration and nature study. Take a field-glass for the birds and a small haversack for luncheon and unknown botanical specimens. Make no haste, but stop to rest in the grateful shade as often as your blood gets heated or your legs weary.

How fresh and cool and fragrant is this country air in the early morning, while still saturated with moisture and loaded with the earthy and vegetable odors which it has absorbed during the night! Whenever I feel that I am growing old, I bestir myself early of a summer morning, and tramp out along some woods-edge, where the dew is glistening on the leaves and the brakes hang heavy and damp over black loam. Then comes up that magical, entrancing morning odor of the woods into my nostrils, and, presto! I am a boy again, with alder pole in hand, starting forth to fish the trout-brook in yonder hollow. That delicious matutinal woods odor is the same the world over; and you may sate your soul and sense with it, if you are early enough, along any country road in August. There is something about it, I am convinced—even for those in whom it does not rouse old memories—that is tonic, rejuvenating, freshening. It is a fluid elixir of life. You feel, as you breathe it, good for a hundred-mile tramp, and you vaguely fear lest the country road shall dwindle into a squirrel track and run up a tree long before you are ready to turn around and come back.

Even yet, so late in the season as August, you will find some birds singing along the country road, especially in the early morning. There is a peculiar charm about looking and listening for August birds—because each lingering songster counts for so much. The same kind of charm it is that one finds in looking for flowers under the snow, or second-crop raspberries in October. We may call it the charm of the unexpected.

What a delight, for instance, to hear, as I have heard, the silvery cadenza of a song sparrow along a country road, late in

August. How springlike it sounds! How it carries you back to the morning of the year! And then the matin of the robin—that familiar warble that you hear so constantly in the spring—how refreshing to listen once more to the cheery strain, just before robin redbreast starts on his southern pilgrimage!

You will find several of the denizens of the deep woods still in full song—the thrushes, brown and hermit, the chewink, the Maryland yellowthroat, two or three of the vireos, the cuckoo, and the yellow-hammer. The last two are not distinctly singers, but their harsher notes are so associated with the woods and upland pastures that, to my ear, they have a sweetness and significance not surpassed by the most perfect bird-melody.

But the characteristic August bird—the one you can hardly think of without associating him with yellow grainfields and thistledown and katydids and locusts—is the little goldfinch, or "yellow-bird." What flocks of them you will startle into flight along any tangled country road in August! Away they go, billowing above the fields, with that peculiar undulatory flight of theirs—brilliant black and yellow males, and sober, greenish-black and yellow females—singing as they rise and fall on the air with a cheery chirp that one can never forget who has once heard it. I always have the "August feeling" when I hear a goldfinch—the feeling that summer is almost gone, that autumn is at the gate, with its harvest-crowned days and golden, moonlit nights, and winter only a little way behind, veiled in whirling snow and sealing the streams with its icy sceptre.

As the goldfinch is the characteristic bird of August, so the goldenrod is the characteristic flower. And how the roadsides gleam with its golden plumes! There is a splendor, a barbaric richness, about the goldenrod that is equaled by no other flower. It is Oriental in suggestion, reminding one of the fringes and tassels of Eastern hangings. How appropriate its color for the days of blazing suns and ripening harvests! And then what a fine foil we have for the yellows of golden-rod, tansy and primrose, in the rich purples of the gentians and ripened elderberries, the purplish-blue of the wild grapes, and the pinks of thistle and hardhack!

Ah! the subtle flavor of those wild grapes that hide in the shadow of matted vines along the country road! At home they would seem sour and astringent, no doubt, but now they pique and delight the palate of the thirsty rambler as he plucks and eats them fresh from the roadside vine. The bursting elderberries, too, distil what genial juices, what wholesome new wines, for the roadside pilgrim!

Happy is he who, with single heart and soul at peace with God and man, can spend a whole sunny day in the joy of rambling. How much to delight him, how much to instruct him, in the quiet, suggestive ways of nature! All that he learns that day will be at first-hand, out of the earliest book ever written, and all that he feels will be quick and fresh from the indwelling heart of Divine Love. Nature is a book that all of us may read, or at least dip into, with infinite profit. And not the least interesting of her pages, I think, are those which one may find

scattered along the country roadsides when the chapter of summer approaches its *finis*.

Hyde Park, Vt.

OUR MISSION IN PORTO RICO

SUPT. CHARLES W. DREES, D. D.

THIS, the newest mission of the church, asks a place in the thought and prayers of the readers of ZION'S HERALD. The beginning of the fifth month of its history found it well established in the capital city of the island, San Juan, with three congregations and two Sunday-schools. The first of these, the First Methodist Episcopal Church of San Juan, is composed of Americans and other English-speaking residents and has an attendance approximating fifty. It was established in response to a manifest need, and has aroused much interest. Let Americans coming to San Juan remember that here, in Fortaleza Street, No. 70, they may find a church home during their stay, long or short, in this city. The number of letters introductory received from young men coming to Porto Rico in government or commercial employ, is a sure indication that our church should maintain the means of grace and Christian profession here. Send your friends to us, and we will try to make them feel at home and do them good.

The second congregation is for the Spanish-speaking people, and the interest aroused may be gaged by the fact that the hall we occupy is already too small for church or Sunday-school. At every service many attentive listeners are to be seen at the three doors wide open to the street. The first class of probationers has been organized, composed of twelve men and women who but a few weeks ago had no personal knowledge of Jesus as a Saviour. Many more might have been enrolled—for the response to each invitation is very ready—but we are convinced that here a process of sifting is needful even before enrollment as probationers. With the aid of a portable organ, the gift of a friend, meetings have been held in crowded courtyards, the people thronging to hear the singing and listen to a simple Gospel message. On one of these occasions, as Mr. Leonard, son of our Missionary Secretary and temporarily in charge of our English work, was singing a solo, an unexpected, but characteristic, diversion was produced by two game-cocks which sprang into the circle around the organ and began a fight. We hope soon to inaugurate a surf meeting at the crest of the bluff overlooking the ocean, and also street preaching in the public squares.

Our third congregation is at Puerta de Tierra, a near-by suburb, where live many English-speaking black people, immigrants from the English and Danish West Indies. They are as sheep without a shepherd, and though familiar with the Gospel and counting among their number some very estimable people, do not as a class bear the best reputation. For their souls' good and for the credit of Protestantism, we must minister to them the word of life. A Wesleyan local preacher, Mr. James, is helping in this field.

At Arecibo, nearly eighty miles from this city by rail, a very important seaport

on the north coast, we have established a station in charge of Mr. Lambert, formerly a Roman priest, and for some years a minister in the West India Wesleyan Conference. He is approved by faithful service, and has been most cordially received in Arecibo, where his four weeks of labor have shown excellent advancement. It will be interesting to many readers of the HERALD to know that Mr. Lambert was "taught the way of the Lord more perfectly" by Dr. A. B. Kendig, at the time pastor of Calvary Church, Harlem, N. Y. He (Mr. Lambert) now holds relation to Calvary Church quarterly conference, pending the organization of our mission. We call the church in Arecibo "Calvary," after the home church. Church service and Sunday-school in Arecibo were first inaugurated by Mr. John Vollmer, who came to my assistance at the beginning of the mission, and has been a most valuable coadjutor in San Juan and in every department of the work. The resident British consul, Mr. Wilson, with his wife and daughter, and Miss Goodykoontz, who is in charge of an orphanage founded by her own self-denying labors, have greatly helped us. My first sermon in Arecibo was addressed to about one hundred persons gathered in a wagonmaker's shop. Since then we have secured a commodious hall.

Messrs. Leonard and Vollmer are at this writing engaged in an evangelistic tour of some important points of the island where we purpose taking up stations. We ought within the next six months to open fifteen stations, which would put us within reach of the whole island, in the use of primitive itinerant Methodist methods. This is the only way we can reach the neglected people living away from the towns in the interior valleys.

Will the church respond to our call for \$100,000 to plant Methodism in this island on a scale equal to the emergency? Let gifts, large and small, be sent to the Missionary Secretaries, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, for Porto Rico. From five cents to buy a Spanish hymnal, or twenty-five for a New Testament, to thirty dollars for a portable organ or seventy for a chapel organ, and up to a thousand dollars to open and maintain a strong station for a year, let our friends come to the help of this cause!

I expect before this letter is fifty miles at sea, on its way to you, to have actually signed the deed to a very eligible property here in San Juan. The Missionary Society has anticipated the liberality of the church by authorizing an investment of \$6,000. The Church Extension Society gives us \$3,000, and will send us whatever more the friends of church extension send in for this enterprise. This is our first permanent stake set in this soil. May the stakes be multiplied and the cords lengthened until this whole island shall rest under the grateful shade of the tabernacle of the Lord!

Now we need gifts for our mission church and schools—that is, the buildings to accommodate them.

San Juan, P. R., Aug. 10.

—Some men have no Bible but what they see in the lives of professed Christians, and hence their knowledge of religion is often defective, and the conclusions reached are

frequently erroneous. The human manifestation of the divine teachings may be better to them than no revelation, but the full, correct and authoritative rule of faith and practice is solely and pre-eminently found in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. He who goes by them need not err in judgment or in living.—*Presbyterian*.

CHRISTIANITY A RELIGION OF GROWTH

[From the London Spectator.]

THIS week has witnessed the gathering in London of several thousands of persons, mostly British and American, connected with an organization called the Society of Christian Endeavor. The objects of this body appear to be a little vague, and some of the addresses delivered at the meetings even vaguer. There is, too, a certain "note" of effervescent self-advertisement in the movement which strikes us as less Christian than modern and commercial. But we do not doubt that the influence of the movement as a whole upon the young people who take part in it is for good, probably for great good. For the ultimate idea of the society, which had its origin in the State of Maine some years ago, appears to be to impart a certain living enthusiasm to the young by enlisting their services in positive Christian work for the good of their fellow-creatures over and above the mere performance of the ordinary religious duties and rites common to all churches. The conventional religious order in all countries and among every race is always in danger of lapsing into a conventional pharisaism, a repetition of formulas, an exaltation of creeds over character and life. After one has passed a certain stage in life it is not easy to break up this parched human soil and to fertilize it with the rains and air of heaven. Therefore, the appeal for a more heroic and less routine attitude of soul stands far greater chance of response when made to the young, and this seems to be precisely what the Christian Endeavor movement does. We should doubt whether, in that appeal, mere enthusiastic emotion does not greatly outweigh a reasoned basis of Christian action. But, be that as it may, we say again that we fully believe in the essential value of this movement. To give to the young a high aim in life which calls for devotion and love to mankind, is a very noble achievement.

But the most important and significant fact about a movement of this character is the renewed proof it brings of the infinite capacity of Christianity to adapt itself to new conditions and to reappear in ever new forms. The question is asked, What are the especial traits of Christianity which mark it off from other forms of religion? There are not a few, but foremost among these traits is the elasticity and capacity for growth of the Christian religion. On mere scientific grounds we might fairly predict the success of Christianity in its great world-competition with other religious forms, because of this unique fact. It can perpetually adapt itself, can persistently readjust itself, to a new environment. We do not deny that this capacity has its peculiar dangers which Christ foresaw when He uttered the parable of the tares and the wheat. The tares have grown plentifully in the Christian Church, probably from the apostolic times, certainly from a very early age when Christianity was played upon by the subtle influences of the Græco-Roman world. By the fifth century the tone of the pagan stoic was often higher than that of the outwardly conforming Christian; and today the furious anti-Christian call for "revenge" on the Chinese

from the very people who profess to have been upholding the cause of Christian missions in China shows how our ideas as to Christian conduct are liable to become confused.

But it is the unique distinction of Christianity that it can be revived and largely restated without altering its essential truth. Examine the religion of the Moslem world and you will find that this is not the case. That is why it is so impossible to reform Moslem society, to give it a new principle of life. The Koran, a series of commands from a kind of celestial autocrat, has told the Faithful once for all and in every detail what to believe and to do, thus leaving no opportunity for growth. We are far from saying that the Arabian Prophet conferred no blessings on mankind; he did a great work of social purification in the corrupt society of Arabia, and his gospel may prove helpful to the black races of Africa, who need to be removed by a great effort from their low worship and customs. Beyond that, however, Islam cannot possibly be the creed of progressive mankind, for it represents a hardened, stationary belief. Buddhism is, of course, a far more spiritual creed, born of as noble an enthusiasm as the world has ever known, and it has exerted for centuries a refining influence on Oriental life. Today even in some parts of Burma it is the root of a singularly beautiful and simple life, flowering out into some of the purest virtues. But, taking the East as a whole, Buddhism is almost an extinct spiritual force. It has hardened into a system, mechanized itself in prayer-wheels, tinkling bells and vain repetitions. In China, to which it penetrated so early, it is not the active force in life; such religion, or rather rationalized morality, as actuates the Chinese mind is the system of Confucius. In its native home (India) Buddhism is no more. In Japan it has apparently helped to produce an externally refined character, beneath which, however, lie some very sinister traits and a general frame of mind which is esthetic rather than religious. Hinduism is undoubtedly a very great fact, its priesthood powerful, its numbers growing, its influence enormous. But it is all systematized; its increase is by accretion rather than by growth, and—most striking fact of all—it tends to perish when brought into living contact with culture. It cannot, as a whole, adapt itself to new conditions of life.

We are well aware that some of the criticisms just made on other religions might be passed on organized Christianity in some of its forms. As we have said, the universal tendency of man is to stereotype, to be a slave of the letter and of tradition, and the tendency has made itself only too painfully manifest in the Christian Church, so that at times we have to ask ourselves, what is left there of the spirit of Christ? The Roman Church of Julius II. and Leo X., the Eastern Church prior to the Iconoclastic movement, the English Church under the first two Georges, the Lutheran Church of the last century—what stiffened corpses they all seem! The pulse is still; decay seems to have marked with her "effacing fingers" the body of Christ. But it has always proved in the Christian world that death is but the prelude to resurrection. Out from the black chaos when the Roman civilization fell and crumbled into moldy fragments, Gregory and Benedict organized a new spiritual order in Western Europe, an order marked not merely by faith, but by faith which showed itself in works so beneficent that we may trace in large measure the better elements of our life today to these men. When the older religious movement again becomes rigid in the thirteenth century, the new orders of Dominicans and Franciscans, not organized from any cen-

tral source, but growing freely from different perceptions of Christian truth, pour fresh streams of life and thought on the soil of Christianity. A mechanized Christianity in England is met by the faithful fervor, at various times, of a Wycliffe, a Latimer, a George Fox, a Bunyan, and a Wesley. The renewal of life, even at the most barren period, is perpetual and certain; the spring never runs dry. In rich, formal Milan St. Carlo Borromeo reveals new depths in the Christian idea of love; the example and memory of St. Vincent de Paul inspires men and women to a love for the suffering which Pliny and Seneca, with all their fine ethical theories, never really felt in their inmost hearts. Perhaps the true central life of Christianity has never been so much revealed in the regular ecclesiastical system as in the spontaneous offshoots (at times "perplexed in faith, but pure in deed") of the spirit of faith and love which have grown into such mighty agencies for the deliverance of mankind. That these agencies have penetrated every corner of the globe, and have been found compatible with all manner of intellectual opinions and social institutions is one of the most profound and convincing proofs that Christianity is, in the ordering of things, destined to become the religion of mankind. That tiny germ, the least of seeds, is becoming a mighty tree, and the fowls of the air will lodge under its branches.

THE UNWRITTEN GOSPEL OF JESUS

REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D. D.

And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books. — JOHN 21: 25.

AND so the Bible is not limited to our books! The greater part of the Divine Word has never come down to us, has never been put in writing! To what purpose is this waste? I can overlook such things in nature. I have become accustomed to be told that most of her rays do not reach my eye, and that "of a thousand seeds she often brings but one to bear." But I expected something better from the Word of God; has God not said that not one word of His should fall, ineffectual? Yes, my brother; but where is there any talk about the ineffectual here? There are words of Jesus which never were written; does it follow that their influence was never transmitted? Thousands heard them; thousands wrote them in their hearts; thousands were redeemed by them; thousands that perhaps had never heard any other word of Jesus have handed down an influence received from these. Influences live when their origin is forgotten. You have perhaps lost the memory of your mother; but, all the same, she started your spiritual life, and you keep the bias still. Believe me, strange as it may sound, there are thousands of Christians in the world today who owe their inheritance to the Lost Gospel of Jesus!

I thank Thee, O Lord, for the record that tells me of things unrecorded; it tells me I must not limit the channels of Thy revelation! Thou hast, even yet, more channels than I know. There are deeds of Thine, there are words of Thine, which were unseen by the eye. The world would not hold the books of unrecorded Christian experience. Thou hast still, with many souls, silent channels of communion—channels where no ships are seen to sail. I see good men around me who do not repair to Thy visible fountain. I should marvel at their goodness did I not know that Thou hast an invisible fountain. Many are bathing there—bathing unconsciously. I have

seen them come up refreshed, shining. I have said, "Who are these clothed in white raiment, and whence come they? I have not observed them at the ordinary waters." And Thine angel has answered me, saying: "These are they who have been taught the things not written in the books. They found a barrier in their mind which blocked their way to the common fountain. They could not get near it; yet their hearts were thirsting for the waters. And the Lord has given them drink by a secret way—a way which they themselves know not—by the spray which is ever sparkling from the ocean of His love. Therefore it is that their faces shine so bright, that their eyes wear so unlikely a gleam. They are the children of the Unwritten Gospel. You have not met them at the fountain; yet they have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb." — *Christian World* (London).

ADVICE TO PRAYER-MEETING GOERS

REV. RICHARD POVEY.

PLEASE cherish a kindly feeling in your souls, dear brethren and sisters, while you read the following advice. Unlike the doctors', it is given gratis:

1. What not to do at prayer-meeting.

Do not pray or talk long. The other brethren and sisters have rights and privileges, therefore be just.

Do not find fault with others; the tendency is always toward backsliding when we begin to find fault.

Do not be guilty of the abomination of praying at persons.

Do not bring any party politics into the meeting; it breeds bitterness and strife.

Do not in your testimony try to be a theologian; you only please the devil by so doing.

Do not arraign your brethren and sisters before your judgment bar, and impeach their Christian standing. They stand or fall, not to you, but to the Lord. By such conduct you belittle the great law of love.

Do not criticise a brother's or sister's remarks. Such conduct brings in the spirit of controversy; then the Divine Spirit is grieved.

Do not, when you feel it to be your duty to speak or pray, neglect duty. If you do, you lose a blessing.

2. What to do in prayer-meeting.

First, when in meeting worship the Lord. Let all your dependence be upon Him, and all your expectation of spiritual good centre alone in Him.

Come believing the exceeding great and precious promises of mercy and grace.

Pray always to the Lord, never to please man.

In speaking, give your personal experience in few words; magnify the Infinite Love, and let all your testimonies be clothed with humility.

Sing in the Spirit, and let your hearts grasp affectionately the divine truths expressed in the hymns.

Give a kindly word of exhortation.

Experience, praise and kindly exhortation are all that are needed in prayer or class-meetings.

I believe the above suggestions to be wise, and that obedience will make them profitable to all concerned. Paul said: "Let all things be done decently and in order."

New London, Conn.

—Whenever you attempt a good work you will find other men doing the same kind of work, and probably doing it better. Envy them not. — *Henry Drummond*.

The Upper Room

Time to be Holy

Take time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always,
And feed on His Word;
Make friends of God's children,
Help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone;
By looking to Jesus,
Like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy.
Let Him be thy Guide,
And run not before Him,
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow,
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in His word.

Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive
Beneath His control;
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

— W. D. Longstaff.

As We Sow

THERE is a flower called heart's-ease, which flourisheth on the meanest soil when fed with good deeds and kindly thoughts, and 'tis worth a king's ransom to its possessor. That same flower hath its roots deep in the heart of God, and its fruit unto eternity, where every good shall reap its unfailing harvest of weal, and every ill deed find its just meed of woe. We need not think to cheat ourselves with the fancy that God's law can fail. Here and hereafter, we shall reap as we have sown. — A. L. Glyn.

The Bellows and the Fire

THE Bellows one day gave a long-drawn sigh. "What is the matter, friend Bellows, that you seem so sad?" said the Hearth. "I have toiled to no purpose," it answered, in a dejected tone. "Haven't succeeded in kindling the fire, is it?" asked the Hearth. "That is the cause," replied the Bellows; "after all my blowing there is no flame. In fact, the more I blow the darker it appears." "Perhaps," said the Hearth, "it requires something besides your blowing to quicken it. Let some one kindle a fire, and then your blowing will make it burn brighter." Such are the words of the teacher without the kindling, regenerating fire of the Holy Spirit. — Bowden.

Bridge Over River of Death

IN a Scottish valley, beside a little brook, where there was no kindly soil, a Highlander once planted a tree. Of course it wilted and drooped. But suddenly, to the surprise of every one, it took a new start in life, and bore rich fruit. What was the source of its new life? That was the query put by all who knew it.

An examination revealed the secret. With a marvelous vegetable instinct it sent out a shoot which ran along and over a narrow sheep bridge, and rooted itself in the rich loam on the other side of the brook. From this rich loam it drew its new life. Even so, the resurrection of Jesus Christ bridges the river of death that flows between earth and heaven. — David Gregg, D. D.

Our Gilgal, Bethel, and Jordan

EACH of us has his Gilgal, and his Bethel, and then his Jordan — his Gilgal, where at the beginning of life God summons him to his work, crowns and endows him for it, tries him, and, if he fails, takes it from him, and gives it to a better; his Bethel, when God visits the young soul, and gives it His assurance of provision, His smile of welcome, His sense of protection, His promise of fatherly love, and then sends it on; his Jordan, the end of life, whether long or short, bright or dull, defeat or victory, shame or glory, whether approached suddenly or seen from afar, whether recognized with a shudder of fear or welcomed as the thought of home. — Bishop Thorold.

Why Do We Hesitate?

A STRANGE reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relation to God. It is felt alike by the converted and unconverted persons. Very often the gay girl whose heart is running over with fun and mirth and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied, that she wants something better, purer and higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who is talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of the kind. She has even a faint, undefinable dread that any effort on her part would be received coldly, or made occasion for ridicule.

So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance, but have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ who might have won a soul to Him, has been silent, afraid, ashamed. What wonder if to that too faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn Himself and is gone; that seeking the Spirit finds Him not, and calling there returns no answer! Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty? — Margaret E. Sangster.

At All Seasons

PAUL exhorted the Ephesian Christians to be "praying at all seasons in the Spirit." This means a steady abounding in prayer the year through. It hits hard against observing a "week of prayer" once a year, and then a vacation of eleven months. We ought not to have any pet seasons of prayer. We should not have any more faith in the Lord of prayer during the first week of January than we have at any other season. If we pray at

all seasons "in the Spirit," we may rest assured that He will give us all needed freedom in July as well as in January, and the fruits of our praying will be as large and abiding at one time as at another. The Holy Spirit is not governed by any almanac. He has no set times in which to help along the man who wants to pray.

A Perfect Heart

Such an expression is repeatedly found in the Bible. Of King Asa it is said that his heart "was perfect with the Lord all his days." Hezekiah, in his prayer, said: "I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart." What is meant by such a heart? Is it freedom from all moral impurity? Does it mean that there was no vital imperfection in such men's hearts? Evidently not. It simply means that their whole heart was enlisted in serving God according to their light and ability. There was a wholeness of purpose; there was a singleness of aim. So now, he who loves God with his whole heart loves Him with a perfect heart. He is not governed by double motives. He does not give half of his heart to God and the other half to self and the world. He serves God heartily, hence perfectly. If all Christians would do this, the world would awaken to the fact that Christianity is from heaven.

Impossible

THE sooner a Christian decides that it is impossible for him to find any church in his own denomination, or in any other, where all that is preached and practiced accord with his own views of truth and propriety, the better it is for his own spiritual welfare. Too many Christians have set out to find a church where everything would be delightfully agreeable to their ideas of doctrine and doing, only to be miserably disappointed. For awhile some have thought that they had succeeded, but they soon discovered that their notions of church perfection were not realized, after all. Well, then, should these fastidious brethren and sisters quit the church to which they belong and seek affiliation with another? This has been done, but it has often resulted in confirming the fact that no church on earth is perfect, and that the best thing that one can do is to be faithful where he is.

Hard to be Thankful

FOR some things it is hard to be thankful. We find it very easy to thank God for the delightful experiences in life. We thank Him for robust health; but is it not hard work to thank Him for ill health? Does any Christian, in the midst of sickness and suffering, thank God for the experience? We gladly thank God for the flow of prosperity which comes into our hands; do we thank Him when the tide sets the other way? We are thankful when fortune tosses even a small amount of money into our pocket; are we thankful when misfortune snatches the same amount from us? As we look over our whole experience, have we not found it so hard to be thankful for some dispensations that we have been very unthankful instead? There is plenty of proof that we are very selfish beings.

THE FAMILY

ANGELS

EMMA A. LENTE.

Down through the gardens of pleasure,
Up through the vineyards of toil,
Where some dance to music's glad measure,
And others dig deep in the soil,
Came the Angel of Pain, grave, unsmiling,
And scanning them each, one by one,
She laid her chill hand on a woman's,
And said: "Come apart with me, come!"

And the twain turned away from the vineyards,
And away from the gardens so gay;
And the woman who went with the angel
Learned how to endure and to pray.
And when she returned to her comrades,
They blessed her and hailed her release.
But who was the angel who claimed her?
God called her the Angel of Peace!

An angel passed slow through the garden,
And up through the vineyard one day;
And his eyes looked on one and another,
While they shuddered and wished him away.
But with eyes that were keen and compelling,
He looked on a weariful one,
And he smiled as he beckoned a baby.
And he whispered to each of them:
"Come!"

And they turned them from playing and toiling,
And gave him their hands, unafraid,
And passed from the garden and vineyard,
Unheeding the others who stayed.
Who, who was the angel who claimed them,
And took them from play and from strife?

The Angel of Death mortals called him;
God called him the Angel of Life!

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it.

— Longfellow.

Some have sluices in their consciences,
and can keep them open or shut them, as
occasion requireth. — Thomas Fuller.

It is only with renunciations that life,
properly speaking, can be said to begin. . . . In a valiant suffering for others,
not in a slothful making others suffer for us,
did nobleness ever lie. — Carlyle.

A wish is but the leaf through which the
tree breathes; it rustles, whispers, withers
and is forgotten; a will is the fruit sum-
ming up the juices of the tree, sending
forth seed that embodies the secret of the
tree and will reproduce the life if the soil
wishes as the tree wills. — O. P. Gifford,
D. D.

There is an odd and interesting effect of
dark glasses. When one takes them off,
after a prolonged gaze through them, the
whole world gains suddenly a new splen-
dor. It is like a *sforzando* chord in a
symphony of Rubinstein's. Or it is like a
sudden bracing up of the spirit when one

concludes to fling off a dusky mood, and
enters the sunshine of some hearty action. —
Edward Rowland Sill.

Thou hadst better be but a hole in the
shutter through which a ray streams than a
dull, opaque egoist blocking the passage of
the light. — *Trinities and Sanctities*.

Nothing simplifies life like obedience.
We sometimes think we are beset by prob-
lems, that life is a very difficult and com-
plicated affair. It is not really so. All life
is simply doing or bearing the will of God.
There is never more than one duty for one
moment. — H. A. Bridgman.

This is the paradox of experience — that
the way to bear one's own burdens is to add
to them the bearing of some one else's.
The way out of your own trial is by enter-
ing into the trial of others. The introspec-
tive and self-absorbed sorrow grows heav-
ier the longer you watch it, and the self-
forgetting service of another lightens the
burden which you yourself have to bear.
The more you shirk, the more you have to
bear. The more you add of others' respon-
sibilities, the more you subtract from your
own. — Rev. F. G. Peabody.

The lives of great men light up and in-
spire other lives. They mold their contem-
poraries. The inspiration of a Wesley's
career raises a great army of preachers.
The enthusiasm of a Carey, a Livingstone,
a Paton, stirs multitudes of hearts with
missionary zeal. Those who had been the
disciples of Jesus became His apostles and
martyrs. His own life of self-sacrifice for
men has become the beacon-fire that has
summoned myriads from the lowland val-
ley of selfishness to the surrender, the self-
denial, the anguish of the cross, if only
they might follow in His steps. — Rev.
F. B. Meyer.

Every grand thing that has come from the
hand of man is simply a higher mood, with
its holy feelings and uplifting visions,
translated by the patience and toil of man
into some serviceable and permanent form.
Look at the "Sistine Madonna!" You are
lost in wonder at its ideal beauty. But
what is it? And what is it made of? It is
a common piece of canvas; common pig-
ments; earths; extracts; things which
would soil the hands if you should touch
them. The maker was an intense soul, and
an infinite patience; the whole work is just
the best mood of the artist, captured and
wrought out, and materialized and made
serviceable, and immortalized. Every high
mood which God gives us should produce
the equivalent of a "Sistine Madonna," or
should give the world an Apocalypse, or
should fruit in a journey to Jerusalem, and
in a public testimony to the risen Christ. —
DAVID GREGG, D. D., in "Our Best Moods."

How we do shrink back from our best
blessings! It has always been so. When
the Lord sent His angel to tell the shep-
herds of Bethlehem of the greatest gift He
had ever sent to men, they were sore afraid,
and shrank from the light of His glory.
When the disciples of Jesus were in a fierce
storm on the wild lake in the darkness of
the night, they were most troubled when
they saw Jesus coming to them. An old
clergyman was preaching his fortieth-
anniversary sermon. He said that, as he
looked back, he could see that the very
things for which he had now most reason
to be grateful were those things at which
he cried out as they came, "O Lord, spare
me from this! I am unable to bear it." What
foolish children of a wise and loving
Father we are! Why should we ever

shrink from any gift He sends us? His
gifts are all and always good. — S. S. Times.

Some traveler speaks of the great
stretches of the lava fields for miles
around a volcano, and of the desolateness
and dreariness of the paths over those
fields. There was not a blade of grass, nor
a shrub, nor the tiniest living thing any-
where to be seen. But here and there as he
went on he saw, in the cracks and crevices
of the lava beds, little flowers growing;
and flowers never before seemed so lovely,
even in finest garden or conservatory, as
there amid the bleakness. Like those
walks across the lava fields are the paths
of many in this world, with their hard toil,
bitter sorrow, and heavy burden-bearing;
and like the lovely little flowers that so
cheered the traveler in those desolate re-
gions are the human kindnesses which here
and there come, with their sweet fragrance
and cheer, into these dreary lives. — J. R.
Miller, D. D.

Art thou looking upward, ever,
To the source of all endeavor?
Do thy thoughts, like mist uprising,
Flush and glow 'neath heaven's baptizing?

On life's path as thou dost wander,
And its problems gravely ponder,
Art thou watchful, quick discerning
Others' anguish and heartburning?

When the day has sorely tried you,
Peace and comfort been denied you,
Dost thou put aside thy sorrow,
Looking for a better morrow?

Looking upward for faith's blessing,
Outward, thine own self repressing,
Forward, hope with courage blending,
And thy help to weak ones lending?

— Emma B. Dunham.

ROCK-WASTE FLOWERS

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

ONCE I visited a wild, mountainous
country which contained a desolate
stretch of land known as the "Rock
Waste." In passing it, one would readily
conclude that it was a "waste spot" in
nature and of no value to the country
round about it. The huge, ungainly rocks
were about all that could be seen, and un-
less one went near to the place and looked
it over carefully, he would say that it was
nothing but a spot of desolation.

But this was not true of the place, for
there were touches of beauty here and
there. Nature in its tender mood had
created tiny spaces of loveliness among
the rough old rocks, for often I saw some
brave little flower sending out its sweet-
ness upon the springtime air. Some of
the flowers I knew, such as the anemones
and violets, while several others seemed
to be only rock-waste forms of blossoms.
But they were none the less beautiful, be-
cause in keeping with their wild surround-
ings, as "rock-waste flowers," and I wished
several times that I could transplant the
pretty things and make them bloom
around my own pleasant home. Once I
caught a glimpse of trailing arbutus upon
a little mound of earth composed of de-
cayed wood and leaves. The wild bees
were flying among the flowers, and I
noticed how eagerly they sipped the honey
from the wild sweet blossoms, whether
springing from the mosses upon the rocks
or from the little patches of earth visible
here and there. The birds sang as sweetly
upon the "Rock Waste" as they do
among the maples by our homes. I no-

ticed a number of dear old robins singing upon the small shrubbery, while the shy bluebirds lent their music to make glad the scene.

There are rock wastes in the fields of humanity. They are always connected with the great city, but not confined entirely to the slums. There are rock wastes in our homes, and very often in our hidden lives. Sometimes there are flowers here and there in these desolate spaces. In dingy streets and filthy alleys there is often seen some bright flower of love and truth. Do we recognize it as we ought, and help it to live? In the swarming tenement houses there is often a bright, wistful face upon which sin has not left its touch. Do we seek out the rock-waste flower and try to plant it in more congenial soil?

Sometimes we meet with one who reminds us of the rock in the wild waste. If we seek to lift him upward, as the Master did, we often find some flower of goodness in his cold, loveless life. It may be like the little anemone down among the rocks, yet it is there.

Then do we seek to open the door of the rock-waste room in our own soul? Do we let in God's happy birds to sing in the silent place, and allow angel hands to scatter the seeds that shall spring up into bloom? Are we as true to our own spiritual well-being as nature is to the rock waste? If we hold our sorrows, our hatred, and our false ambitions in our souls, God's sweet flowers cannot bloom in the unlovely place. Let us seek to plant and cherish the sweet Christian graces that will forever beautify the places which are dark and unlovely without them.

New Berlin, N. Y.

Inflammable Piers

A FEW weeks since one of our great ocean steamship companies lost, it is reported, upwards of ten millions of dollars by the destruction of a pier with its vast piles of freight and the steamships which were to receive it. Unlike the magnificent docks of substantial granite one sees abroad, at Liverpool, for example, these piers at New York or Hoboken are built of wood as inflammable as much of the freightage piled upon them. And, as it was found, when the great ocean-liners lay beside the wharves with their engines "dead," ship, freight and piers were all alike food for the flames. Not only fortunes, but scores of lives, were lost in the resulting conflagration.

We are present at wedding services now and then which give one the heartache. If any of our readers are young maidens just beginning to become "interested" in fine young fellows "not real bad, but just a little injudicious at times," we do earnestly implore them not to pile all the hopes of a lifetime upon, and not to tie themselves fast to, an inflammable pier. True, the pier may not be actually on fire just now, but a spark some day will be all too sure to ignite it. What a sorrowful scene it is when amid all that wealth and art can contribute to make a wedding service ideal, we see some beautiful and priceless virgin soul bound to the fortune and the future of a man who is only safe so long as his appetites and his passions are sedulously guarded. One forgetful moment, one heedless act, and all the frantic efforts of friends avail nothing to stay the devouring sweep of the conflagration.

God be thanked, there are men in the

world as solid as granite. Resolute of will, fixed in principle, true to their own consciences, the woman who trusts her future to such a one trusts without fear. He is not the easy victim of any chance misfortune. He holds in safety the interests committed to him. The ship moored beside him is doubly safe. He neither breaks down nor burns up. He does not "spread fire-brands and death," but arrests them. He does not increase the natural perils of life, but he adds security to life and property.

And so we cry out today to the good ship beautiful to behold, freighted with precious interests and instinct with life: "Either find a harbor built to resist the flames of hell, or keep at sea." — *Interior.*

HER GLADNESS

My darling went
Unto the seaside long ago. Content
I stayed at home, for oh! I was so glad
Of all the little outings that she had.
I knew she needed rest. I loved to stay
At home awhile that she might go away.
"How beautiful the sea! How she enjoys
The music of the waves! No care annoys
Her pleasure," thought I. "Oh! it is so
good
That she can rest awhile. I wish she
could
Stay till the autumn leaves are turning
red."
"Stay longer, sister," all my letters said.
"If you are growing stronger every day,
I am so very glad to have you stay."

My darling went
To heaven long ago. Am I content
To stay at home? Why can I not be glad
Of all the glories that she there has had?
She needed change. Why am I loth to
stay
And do her work, and let her go away?
The land is lovely where her feet have
been;
Why do I not rejoice that she has seen
Its beauties first? That she will show to
me
The City Beautiful? Is it so hard to be
Happy that she is happy? Hard to know
She learns so much each day that helps
her so?
Why can I not each night and morning
say,
"I am so glad that she is glad today."

—JULIA HARRIS MAY, in *Advance*.

"THESE OUGHT YE TO HAVE DONE"

LITTLE Mrs. Marshall was completely tired out. The weather was so hot, so many of her fellow-workers were away from home, there was so much to be done, having been on the "go" from ten o'clock Monday morning till the present time — three o'clock Thursday afternoon — that she was conscious of absolute exhaustion. She had a raging nervous headache, but she must preside at the Women's Club that evening, and had come to her darkened room, seeking a little rest in the meantime.

But, try as she would, sleep would not come. The active mind, quickened unusually by the throbbing pain, recalled all the week's work. First had come the meeting of the executive committee of the Fresh Air Fund. Mrs. Marshall, being chairman, of course must be present. Then the Russian Mission superintendent had urged the ladies of the church to meet and discuss plans regarding the continuance of this work among the miners in a neighboring village. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday. Mrs. Marshall was appointed one of a committee to secure signatures to a new

petition urging the city council to close two saloons dangerously near to a public school. The work must be done at once, and Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning were taken up by it. The missionary meeting came on Wednesday afternoon, the prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, the Society for the Propagation of Social Purity met on Thursday at one o'clock. She had attended them all, and tonight the Women's Club would discuss "The Social Settlement as a Means of Uplifting the Masses."

Mrs. Marshall's paper was ready, but oh! her poor aching head! She turned over with a groan. She hoped the children were in no danger; but no! she could hear them singing.

And then all grew indistinct for a little, but finally the singing grew louder and clearer. The throng that swept along was a strange one to Mrs. Marshall, who could not recall exactly where or how she had joined it. But ah! there was a face she knew indistinctly, and here was another, and there was a third. They seemed to crowd around her, black and white, Chinese, Hindus, Hottentots, Europeans of almost every nationality, but all children. In the midst of her wonderment they all swept together up to a great white throne, and she knew Him that sat thereon and bowed herself before Him.

"Lord," she said, for something in the quiet gaze compelled her to speak, "Lord, here am I, and those whom Thou hast given me in answer to my prayers and work."

And the Lord looked searchingly over the throng, and spake, gently but piercingly:

"But those that I gave for thy very own — Maggie and Lulu, Willie and Neddle, and little Grace — where are they?"

Terrified, she cast her eyes about her and could see none of her own children, except little Grace; but when she attempted to draw the child forward, Grace clung to the hand of her Sabbath-school teacher.

"I can't, mamma," she said, pleadingly. "I must stay with Miss Taylor; she brought me here."

The distracted mother turned again toward the throne.

"Lord, are my own children not here? Will they not be here? Thou knowest I meant not to slight my own, the best-loved of all. Thou knowest how hard I have worked for Thee, and through my instrumentality lo! all these have come to Thee."

"But those that I put directly under thy care to be trained for Me. What hast thou done with them? These ought ye to have done, but not to have left the other undone."

Lifting herself up and glancing around, Mrs. Marshall caught sight of Jamie Allen, her Neddle's bosom friend.

"Oh, Jamie," she cried, chokingly, "where is Neddle?"

And the boy could not bear to look upon the anguish of her face, but sought to comfort her:

"I belonged to your Boys' Temperance Brigade, Mrs. Marshall, don't you remember it? You saved me from being a drunkard."

"But Neddle! Lord, I cannot find my Neddle. Is he not here?"

And the Lord, looking down pityingly, spoke softly:

"There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, or worketh abomination;" and she fell upon her face, weeping.

Then they brought forth a crown blazing with jewels, but there were five dim places. Catching sight of them she pushed away the angel, which held the glittering emblem, and extended her hands toward the great white throne.

"Give me a little longer, dear Lord!"

she entreated, with streaming eyes. "Let me go back again, just for a little while, that I may not return without my own children. What will the joy of heaven be to me, dear Lord, if these other children are all saved, and my own are lost?"

And, crying, she awoke.

An hour afterward her husband, coming home from work, met her on the stairs.

"Why, my dear," looking at her searchingly, "you've been crying."

"I've been talking with the Lord," she answered, softly, "and I have made Him a promise to be a better wife to you, and a better mother to the children He has given us. I have been so much taken up with helping other people's families, that I'm afraid I've been neglecting my own. 'These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.'" — *Presbyterian*.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand —

The hand of a friend most dear,

Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land;

But what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert

That weeps o'er the silent urn?

For the love that lives is our hand alert

To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone

When life's duties press us sore?

Is our praise as full as if they were gone

And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by are our hands more swift

For a trifle beyond their share,

Than to grasp—for a kindly, helpful lift—

The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,

And we think ourselves sincere;

But what of the friends that about us stand,

And the touch of the hand that's here?

— JOHN TROLAND, in *Youth's Companion*.

Metamorphosed

IT takes only a little thing in a translation to make it go wrong. The missionary who asked the pundit to put into the Indian vernacular the good old hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee," was taken off his feet when he heard his converts singing with pious fervor, "Very old stone, split for my benefit, let me get under one of your fragments." — *Epworth Herald*.

The Last Straw

THE limit of conjugal devotion is ludicrously pictured in a book written to amuse the novel-readers of twenty years ago. An eminently practical, matter-of-fact husband is bidding good-by to a sentimental wife.

She put both her arms about his neck.

"John," she sobbed, "you are going away!"

This was so palpable that it would have been madness to attempt a denial; so he merely observed, "Look out for my collar, Maria."

"You will think of your wife while you are gone?" she whispered, huskily.

He was a trifle nervous under the pressure of her arms upon his collar, but he spoke reassuringly: "I will bear it in mind, my dear."

"You will think of me as mourning your absence, and anxiously awaiting your return?" she murmured.

"You can trust me to attend to it," he

replied, with as much firmness as if it had been a request for a barrel of mackerel.

"And you'll be very careful of yourself, for my sake?" she suggested, in a broken voice.

"I will see it attended to, my dear. But it is almost time for the train," and he gravely sought to remove her arms from his neck.

"John! John!" she convulsively cried, "don't forget me! don't forget me!"

"Maria," he said, with a tinge of reproach in his tone, "I have made a memorandum to that effect."

As We Find Them

THE two had paused for a moment at the parting of the ways, and were talking of a friend.

"Lizzie is kind and generous," said one, "and so energetic, too, if only she were a little more careful—"

"But she isn't," interposed the other, cheerily, "so we must just take her as we find her and piece out her shortcomings, whatever they are, with our own long-goings. I suppose none of us quite fill the measure of what other people consider desirable, and probably Lizzie says of me: 'Elinor is warm-hearted and well-meaning, and so careful, if only she were a little more'—something that I am not! I used to worry a good deal because I couldn't make my friends over into what I thought they ought to be; but I am learning to take them as they are, and fill up their deficiencies with all love's might."

A laugh rippled through the words, and still shone in her eyes as she turned away, but we felt that somewhere the world would be brighter and life sweeter for her presence. Taking people as we find them, valuing them for what they are, and filling up what is lacking with "love's might"—what a heaven it would make of many a discordant earthly home! — *Wellspring*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

SAMMY'S STALK OF CORN

ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

SAMMY was ten years old. A city boy at ten knows more about some things than a country boy of twice ten years. A real poor city boy at ten knows more—about some things—than many a real poor country man at three times ten. Sammy was very wise.

Sammy's mother washed for a living. Do not imagine that every Monday she filled long lines stretched across a pretty yard with dainty white dresses and aprons, snowy sheets and towels and spotless table-linen, that flapped merrily in the sunshine and made washing a fragrant romance. No, indeed! Mrs. Sammy's washing was for poor men who had neither wife nor daughter to do it for them. The "things" were dingy overalls and coarse, patched or ragged underwear—faded blues and reds, depressing grays and browns. And they never flapped. They just flopped drearily about in the smoky air, and if Sammy had been an imaginative child he would have "played" they were horrid gnomes who had been captured and hung for the sake of the treasures they had once guarded. But Sammy was a prosaic lad. He paid very little attention to "them there duds," save that the more there were of them, the thicker were the slices of rye bread he had to eat.

One summer Sammy had experienced

the untold bliss of a "country week"—he had been a "fresh air boy." For eight long days he had roamed at large over a well-kept farm. He had dug a "mess uv taters" for dinner one day. Another day he had gathered corn and beans, and every day he had heroically scratched himself on every exposed portion of his delighted body gathering "all the blackberries you can hold." He held quarts!

When he returned to his mother and "them there duds," he petitioned for a piece of the back yard for a garden. What difference if winter was on the way?

"Goin' to grow cans an' rats' tails?" asked Mrs. Sammy.

"Naw! *Things!* Kin I?"

"Sposin' you wait till spring. *Things* is dyin' now, they're not sproutin'."

So she dismissed the matter and forgot all about it. Not so her son. He was a genius—"a queer genius," some people called him. But true genius has a very patient memory. It can wait. So could Sammy.

When the snow of the long winter was gone, and stunted dandelions were forcing their flat leaves through crevices in city pavements, he renewed his request.

"All right. How would it do to carry out them ashes first? If you do, you kin hev the groun' *they're* growin' on. It must be real rich. The heap has grown a plenty since fall."

Really, considering that the ash-heap represented the amount of coal Mrs. Sammy had had to burn that winter, it was a diminutive affair. But all the rest of the yard space was wanted for the flopping overalls, so Sammy swallowed his hatred of ashes and went to work. When the ground was scraped clean an old fire-shovel in the grasp of determined boy-fingers "ploughed the soil." A piece of lath with three shingle-nails hammered through did the business of a rake. Then some oyster shells picked out of the alley débris did duty for a border.

"Mother, hain't you got a nickel to spare?"

"Whut fer?"

"I want some seeds."

"Nary nickel. Go an' ask ole man Nubbins to give you a pinch o' seed. Tell him you'll take a prize at the next horse show fer raisin' oats!"

Sammy had not expected much sympathy. He knew that enterprise usually had to smile down a goodly share of frowns. But he interviewed "ole man Nubbins" and came home radiant. He had one dozen kernels of corn tight in his fist—"best eatin' corn 'at grows." He showed them to his mother. Then for the first time she entered into the gardening spirit and showed, also, a trace of motherliness in her manner.

"You can't grow nawthin' in ashes-dirt, child! If you really want to plant them seeds you take the baby carriage an' go out to the 'limits' where I took you last summer. Cut away some grass an' dig up the dirt. Bring home all you kin carry. Then I'll show you how."

It was a weary walk to the "limits," but this boy with a purpose stuffed a hunk of rye bread and a chunk of "bolony" into his "cloes" and trudged away. He came back "dead beat" with the creaking carriage full of fine loam. His mother left the "duds" awhile and

helped him to shovel away some of the ash-mixed yard dirt, dig deep down with the butcher knife, and spread the rich soil from the fields over all. Then she made twelve holes in regular rows of three each, and Sammy held his breath while he dropped out of sight the twelve precious grains — as precious to the boy as were ever golden grains to the successful Klondiker. They smoothed over the whole, watered it plentifully with suds, and left the garden to the touch of sun and dew and rain. How big was it? I am afraid you will laugh at me. But I measured it one day and these are the figures: 36 x 26. Feet? Bless you, no! Inches. Just the size of the table on which I am writing about it.

After this queer genius of a boy had waited and watched and watered for a due length of time, tiny spears of green poked through the soil — twelve beautiful figures of hope and joy. Sammy discovered them at daylight one morning after a night of rain. You would have shouted the news to mother and father. But my boy made no noise. He rolled over and over, he stood on his head, he walked on his hands, he turned somersaults, he did everything short of flying.

After this delight came days of sorrow. Something killed the young life before it had fairly got a start. One by one the green fingers shriveled and shrunk back into the earth, until but one was left in the very centre of the tiny plot.

Now Sammy had never prayed in his life. He knew nothing about a loving Heavenly Father. The word "father" only meant — to him — a man who came to the house at long intervals, cuffed his ears, and made his mother cry for days after. If Sammy had known how to pray, this is what he would have said: "Dear Father in heaven, please keep my one little plant alive!" What he did say was this — down on his hands and knees before his garden: "I say! Don't you go fer to die! Now don't!"

It did not. It lived. It grew. Where its eleven comrades had found death, it found abundant life. How Sammy watched it! How he drove away marauding butterflies! How he built a fence of tall sticks whittled off an old board to keep away prowling cats and dogs! When he could do nothing else, he lay flat on the ground and for half an hour or more at a time saw nothing but the waving of the broad green leaves in the city breeze. He did not know what he was doing, but I can tell you: he was pouring out before that single stalk of corn all the love hidden away in his heart for grass and trees and birds, rivers and ponds and fishes, daisies and clover, apples and berries, sweet-breathed cows and faithful dogs — all the world of beautiful things his Heavenly Father had made for His little boy and his earthly parents had somehow stolen away from him.

Hot days came. Very hot days came. Then "orful hot" days came. Even country corn was thirsty. But not Sammy's. Indeed, it is a wonder it did not drink itself to death, like many another city dweller. Sammy had long ago exhausted all his resources of expression, and when he found a baby ear of corn, and another, and another, there was only one thing he could think of worth doing.

Do you remember Longfellow's lovely story of the maize in "Hiawatha's Fast-ing?" I always think of it when I think of Sammy's first garden. You know Longfellow tells us how Hiawatha

"Kept the dark mold soft above it;
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended,
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, 'It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'"

Sammy was not a bit like wonderful Hiawatha save in his patience and his rapture. He knew nothing about "Mondamin," so he just stood still and whistled low and long, and then said softly: "Gee-whillikins! Ain't she a buster!" Then, his heart beating very fast and his face getting very red, he wiped his mouth clean on a convenient overall that was flopping about, stood on his bare toes, and reverently kissed the tender "silk" — more beautiful to him than the finest, fairest silk that was ever spun.

It was the very day after this garden ecstasy that the doctor was called to Mrs. Sammy. She was "ailin'."

"Eat a-plenty," prescribed the doctor. "You need building up."

She nodded scornfully, and crawled back to her tubs. While the corn flourished on the site of the old ash-heap, the washerwoman faded and shrank away until you would have thought, like the eleven corn-plants that died, she, too, would soon be hidden in the ground. One lovely fall day she fell in a quiet heap beside her tub, and Sammy coming in to tell her he was sure his corn was ripe, forgot all about the wonderful piece of news.

"She needs building up," said the doctor; and Mrs. Sammy told him she could not afford to have him again. She knew that without being told!

"What'd build you up?" asked Sammy, wistfully.

"Most anything fit to swallow. Tell Mary Anne to get a mess o' greens down by the Big Paster. Too, a mess o' young corn'd taste powerful ap'tizing, eh, sonny?"

She was "out of her head." He knew Mary Anne was a little sister — her little sister — who "had died." Besides, she had called him "sonny," and that was a piece of tenderness that could only be the forerunner of some awful grief.

The corn was ripe! Three splendid, fat ears with rows and rows of "soft and juicy kernels." And mother wanted "a mess o' young corn!" — poor mother who had been living, or dying, on stale cabbage b'iled with cheap salt pork, coarse liver and "greens" bought for a penny because no one else would buy them at all. Sammy sat down beside his beautiful "garden" and fought the battle of his life. Really, the grimy, ignorant little boy of the city slums was very like Hiawatha after all. Longfellow's hero wrestled with the strange Mondamin. Sammy wrestled with himself. It was a hot, hot day, and the boy sat in the sun struggling between love for

his cornstalk and love for his mother, struggled until

"Round about him spun the landscape" — only instead of "landscape" there were flopping overalls and patched and faded shirts. At last the fight was ended, and the boy's trembling fingers resolutely gathered the ears of the corn and hid them under his ragged jacket. Then he rushed off as if he were an escaping thief.

There was a cheap chop-house not far away where you could get a "full dinner" for ten cents. The cook was an acquaintance of Sammy's.

"Say, Bill, cook these fer me, won't yer? They're fer me mother. She's ailin'."

Bill looked at the splendid ears and grinned.

"Hooked good ones, didn't you, kid?"

"I never!" flashed Sammy. "I growed 'em."

Of course Bill could not believe such a story as that, but nevertheless he dropped the juicy ears into the boiling water, and when they were "done" put them into a covered dish with some butter and salt and pepper. Sammy hugged the hot dish to his heart and darted off.

"Mother! Here's your hot corn! Riz right on our own farm. Set up now. It's got butter on it! Mother! It's my corn! Honest! Oh, you must eat it! I grew it all my own self!"

Of course she "set up." My, what a feast that was! "Turn and turn about" they ate till the last snowy pearl of double extract of sunshine and sweetness was gone and the tender cob sucked dry.

The tired washerwoman slept after that a long, sweet sleep, while Sammy sat under the empty clothes-lines and gazed dreamily at his bereft garden.

The next morning he was awakened by a feeble but determined rub-a-dub-dub.

"Get up, sonny! There's milk an' mush fer you. Bill sent it over. Smell it? Yellow cornmeal mush. Run to corn, ain't we? Sonny, I dreamt las' night. Didn't know yer gran'ma an' gran'pa hed a farm not a thousan' miles away, did yer? They hev. An' we're goin'. Please to goodness I'll give my boy a better chance after this. If a stalk of corn could — could" — hot tears were raining down upon the steamy overalls, "could — yes, please to goodness we'll have corn a-plenty after this!"

And they did.

Chicago, Ill.

— The imagination of small boys is worth having. The other night, when Mr. Wallypug was lying asleep on the library sofa and snoring, Mrs. Wallypug remarked that she wished he would not snore so.

"Pa ain't snorin," said Tommy Wallypug. "He's dreamin' about a dorg, and that's the dorg growlin'." — *Harper's Bazar*.

— On a street car. — *Loquacious Boy*: "O mamma! There's where you got my shoes!" *Mamma*: "Yes, dear." *Boy*: "There's where you bought my hat!" "And there's where you got my clothes, mamma." "Yes, dear." *Boy*: "O mamma! There's where you got your teeth!"

— "O my daughter" (to a little girl of six), "you should not be frightened and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a little Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma" (excitedly), "the billy goat doesn't know it!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson XI

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1900.

LUKE 10: 25-37.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Love thy neighbor as thyself.* — Lev. 19: 18.

2. DATE: November, A. D. 29.

3. PLACE: Unknown; probably in Perea.

4. CIRCUMSTANCES: The utter absence of any hint as to the time and place of the utterance of this parable leaves us free to follow the sequence given by St. Luke, who alone records it, and to assign it next in order to the return of the Seventy. The "lawyer" is not to be confounded with the rich young ruler who put the same question mentioned later in this Gospel (18: 18-23), and also by Matthew and Mark.

5. HOME READINGS: Monday — Luke 10: 1-16. Tuesday — Luke 10: 17-24. Wednesday — Mark 6: 7-13. Thursday — Acts 13: 44-52. Friday — Acts 14: 19-23. Saturday — Rom. 15: 15-21. Sunday — 1 Cor. 8: 1-11.

II Introductory

The occasion of the utterance of the parable of the Good Samaritan was the attempt on the part of a certain lawyer to "interview" Jesus. He "tempted" Him with the question, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus' reply simply recalled to him that brief and incomparable summary of all duty given in Deuteronomy, of loving God with all the heart, soul, strength and mind, adding, also, from Leviticus, the words, "thy neighbor as thyself;" and then He dismissed the question with the simple comment, "This *do*, and thou shalt live" — inherit eternal life. The lawyer was disconcerted. To cover his defeat he put another question: "Who is my neighbor?" perhaps imagining that the reply would "justify" him. To this second question we are indebted for this matchless parable.

A traveler was depicted, going from Jerusalem to Jericho. On reaching that part of the road known as "the bloody way," he was assailed by robbers, who stripped him of his clothing, beat him, and left him naked, bleeding and "half dead" by the wayside. The most likely person to pass along this road would be a priest, Jericho being a sacerdotal city. If only one would come now and stanch the wounds, and throw his garment upon him, and bring him a little water, and do any other of those humane offices which a natural pity, to say nothing of the instincts of religion, would suggest, death might be averted. "And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side." Either stolidly indifferent or selfishly concerned for his own safety, he passed on and got out of the way as soon as possible. Next came a Levite. Less might have been expected of him than of the other, but he did more. He came up and looked at him — merely looked, and then passed by on the other side. Unpitied by priest and Levite, and left to die, the wounded man, if supposed to be conscious, might well have given up hope. But he was not to die. There was still

"flesh in man's obdurate heart." One came along who did not pass by, but stopped; who did something more than stare at him; who had "compassion" on him, and with tender touch bathed the wounds with cleansing wine and soothing oil, and bandaged them. And then he lifted him and put him on his own beast, walked by his side to the nearest hostelry, and spent the day nursing him. And on the morrow he paid the bill, and promised to pay more on his return if more were needed. And this benefactor was not a priest, nor a Levite, nor a countryman even. He was not a Jew; he was a Samaritan — "a heathen in blood, a heretic and pretender in creed, a hereditary enemy in practice."

The lawyer had put his question and received his answer. Jesus now turns questioner, and calls upon the lawyer to decide which of the three had exhibited true neighborly feeling to the wounded man. Compelled to admit that "he that showed mercy upon him" was the man, he was tersely bidden to "go and do likewise."

III Expository

25. A certain lawyer — a Jewish theologian, familiar with the principles of the law, both written and oral (according to Dr. Abbott); the scribe, on the other hand, was a Jewish textualist and instructor, familiar with the text of the law, and occupied with its transcription and with teaching it. **Stood up** — "rose from his seat among the students as Jesus passed" (Geikie); "rose to indicate his purpose of a discussion" (Whedon). **Tempted him** — tried Him, put Him to the test. The lawyer's motive can only be guessed at — perhaps "to show his own wisdom at the expense of the hated Galilean, and trap Him, if possible, into some doubtful utterance" (Geikie); perhaps "to try His depth of intellect and knowledge of the law" (Whedon); perhaps "to see whether our Lord could teach him anything new" (Schaff). **What shall I do to inherit eternal life?** — a personal question and one of supreme importance, though probably asked in a merely intellectual, or egotistic, or trifling spirit. The Talmudists reckoned up the laws of Moses as 613 in number, and divided them into 248 positive and 365 negative precepts. To keep them all, they used to say, "was an angel's work." Hence they labored to find which was the great and inclusive commandment which might be kept in lieu of them all. It was, perhaps, for this that he asked — some new summary of the law.

26. **What is written in the law?** — As though He would say: You are a lawyer; answer your own question by the law; nothing new is needed. **How readest thou?** — "This form of expression," says Schaff, "was used by the rabbis to call out a quotation of Scripture. 'How' means 'to what purport.'"

27. **He answering said.** — His answer included two texts, the first of which, taken from Deut. 6: 5, was used by devout Jews in their morning and evening prayers, and carried by the Pharisees in the little boxes of their phylacteries; the second (not so used) from Lev. 19: 18. It is remarkable that these combined texts were given by our Lord Himself on another occasion, in reply to a lawyer who asked Him which was the greatest commandment. Love... with all thy heart, soul, strength, mind. — Our love for God should take in every faculty and power of our being in their highest, intensest and constant exercise. The intellect, sensibility, will — the whole man, body, soul and spirit — should

be consecrated in fervid, unceasing devotion to the Father of spirits. God could ask nothing more of any creature; and He can ask nothing less from us, at any time, in any age, or in any world. **Thy neighbor as thyself** — neither more nor less. Self-love is the measure of neighbor-love. Another rule has been added to this: We are to love the brethren, not simply as we love ourselves, but as Christ has loved us; the Christ-love is the measure of brotherly love.

28. **This do and thou shalt live.** — The word "do" is emphatic. These texts are not to be hidden away in phylacteries, or glibly quoted in rabbinical wrangles. The lawyer was bidden to instantly do what he had said, in all its entirety, in all the length and breadth of its immense demand. Being a lawyer, he must know that the law was to be kept; and he who kept, and had kept, that law, needed nothing further — no repentance, no Gospel, no Saviour. He already possessed the earnest of eternal life. Alas! none ever did keep that law. The failure is universal.

29. **Willing (R. V., "desiring") to justify himself.** — He felt that the discussion was closed, and that his attempt to entrap the Prophet of Galilee had ended in his own discomfiture. How could he get out of the difficulty? How, too, could he escape from the feeling of self-condemnation which this direct application of his words had excited? Both for his reputation and his conscience' sake he must not let the conversation end here. **Who is my neighbor?** — a question much debated among the rabbis. In answering, Jesus in His parable still enforced truth in a practical way. Waiving the tech-

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nical question, He taught a kind of neighborly charity which the lawyer never dreamed of.

The question is not, "Who is my neighbor?" but, "Am I neighborly?" This is the line in which the parable proceeds. It does not supply the scribe with an answer to the question which he had put, but it supplies him with another question which he desired to evade. He is not permitted to ride off upon a speculative inquiry about the abstract rights of other men; he is pinned down to a personal, practical duty (W. Arnot).

30. **A certain man**—presumably a Jew, but really any man, since "the main lesson of the parable is not love to enemies, but love to man as such, humanity, philanthropy" (Schaff). **Went** (R. V., "was going") down—literally "down," as Jericho, eighteen miles from Jerusalem, lay many hundred feet below it. **Jericho**—the "city of palms," situated near the Jordan, about nine miles north of the Dead Sea. In the time of Christ it had reached its highest splendor. Herod the Great had a palace there. **Fell among thieves** (R. V., "robbers").—The road between the two cities, particularly that part of it beginning about ten miles from Jerusalem, passed through a wilderness full of ravines, caverns and cliffs, which afforded lurking-places for brigands. Jerome called it "the bloody way," and in his time "a Roman fort and garrison were needed there for the protection of travelers." **Stripped him, etc.**—robbed him of all he had, and left him helpless, bleeding, dying.

31. **By chance**—as men say; really, by that providential ordering by which opportunities for doing good are offered to us, and our real natures tested. **A certain priest**.—Jericho was a priestly city; some twelve thousand priests resided there, who were accustomed to go up to Jerusalem, in the order of their course, to perform their functions in the temple. One of them was now either going or returning. **Passed by on the other side**—was afraid of being himself attacked, or of incurring ceremonial defilement, or of being detained. Many reasons may be supposed for this unpriestly behavior. "Mercy was commanded by the law even to a beast, and consideration to a neighbor (Exod. 23: 4, 5; Deut. 22: 1, 4). In disregarding the claims of mercy the priest and Levite violated the law" (Abbott).

32. **A Levite**—inferior to the priest in office and duties, but engaged in the service of the temple. Elliott notes that this passage contains the only reference to the Levites in the Gospels. This one had curiosity enough to go and look at the wounded traveler, but had not humanity enough to attempt any relief.

The Levites performed the humble services of the temple, as cleaning, carrying fuel, acting as choristers, etc. Levites were also writers, teachers, preachers, literati. The scribes and lawyers were frequently of this tribe (Whedon).

33. **A certain Samaritan**—of all others the most unlikely to trouble himself in a case of this kind. Jesus Himself had had recent experience of their churlish temper. "The Jew derided the Samaritan as a Cuthite, abhorred his meals as swine's flesh, and cursed him in the synagogue. The Samaritan shed the blood of Jewish travelers to the Passover, gave false signals to the near province as to the time of the new moon, and even by stealth polluted the temple by scattering dead men's bones in the holy places" (Whedon). **Compassion**.—He felt for him, and therefore acted for him. We must guard against what seems to be implied, namely, that we must look to the Samaritan as the only type of philanthropy, and regard priests and Levites as

typical of all that is inhuman and selfish. The parable has an entirely different meaning. Neighborly acts, deeds of goodness to fellow-creatures in need, are to be rendered spontaneously and promptly, for humanity's sake; and race feuds and religious ceremonials are not to hinder for a moment their exercise.

The way to be sensible of another man's misery is to feel it ourselves. It must be ours, or, if it be not ours, we must make it ours, before our hearts will melt. I must take that brother into myself before I help him; I must be that leper that begs of me, and then I give; I must be that wounded man at the wayside, and then I pour my oil and wine into his wounds, and take care of him; I must feel the hell of sin in myself before I can snatch my brother out of the fire (Farindon).

34. **Went** (R. V., "came") to him.—All the minute and beautiful details are given, by which compassion manifested itself—the cleansing of the sufferer's wounds with wine, and mollifying them with olive oil, and bandaging them; and then the good man lifts his helpless brother and sets him upon his own beast, and walks by his side to the nearest inn, supporting and cheering him, and forgetting for the time his own business, and peril, and every other selfish consideration.

35. **On the morrow**.—He spent the night with him. **Two pence**—two *denarii* (30 to 34 cents), enough in that age to pay for the man's entertainment for several days. **I will repay thee**.—The wounded man was his guest, not the landlord's.

36. **Which was neighbor?**—Which showed that he loved his neighbor as himself?

The primary lesson of this parable is so plain that it cannot be missed: Whoever is in need is my neighbor. True love knows nothing of sectarian, or national, or race distinctions. The second lesson has been often overlooked: The spirit of genuine philanthropy is a Christian spirit wherever found. It is recognized by Christ in the Samaritan as well as in the Jew, in the Gentile Cornelius as well as in the orthodox Dorcas (Abbott).

37. **He that showed mercy on him**.—Though a Jew, the lawyer is compelled to acknowledge that the Samaritan played the neighbor, but he will not pronounce the hated name. He resorts to circumlocution. **Go and do**.—Act out the line of duty which you have acknowledged to be right. Don't waste your time in idle discussions.

IV Illustrative

1. The lesson is still more strongly taught by making the helper a Samaritan. Perhaps if Jesus had been speaking in America, He would have made him a Negro; or, if in France, a German; or, if in England, a "foreigner." It was a daring stroke to bring the despised name of "Samaritan" into the story, and one sees what a hard morsel to swallow the lawyer found it, by his unwillingness to name him, after all (Maclaren).

2. In the fortifications on the Dardanelles there are some antique guns, which are so built in that they can hit a vessel only at one point (on the sea); they are useless except at a moment when a ship is passing that point. The benevolence of men who limit their good-will to certain classes and conditions is like one of these guns: It can meet only one class of cases; whereas it ought to be like the swivel gun upon the turret-ship, which sweeps the horizon round and round (William M. Taylor).

3. A rich merchant in St. Petersburg, at his own cost, supported a number of native missionaries in India, and gave like a prince to the cause of God at home. He was asked, one day, how he could do it. He replied: "When I served the devil I

did it on a grand scale and at princely expense; and when, by His grace, God called me out of darkness, I resolved that Christ should have more than the devil had had."

4. "Thy neighbor?" It is he whom thou hast power to aid and bless; Whose aching head or burning brow Thy soothing hand may press.

"Thy neighbor?" 'Tis the fainting poor Whose eye with want is dim; Whose hunger sends from door to door—Go thou and succor him!

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form Less favored than thine own, Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm, Thy brother or thy son.

(J. Montgomery.)

Hand-to-Hand Combat

ON a cold winter evening, said Dr. T. L. Cuyler, recently, I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left the door and the piercing gale swept in, I said:

"What an awful night for the poor!"

He went back and, bringing to me a roll of bank bills, said:

"Please hand these for me to the poorest people you know."

After a few days I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added:

"How is it that a man so kind to his fellow creatures has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse him his heart?"

That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. But he told me I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in twenty years. One hour of pastoral work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a lifetime.

Young pastors, don't neglect the hand-to-hand and face-to-face combat. Be diligent seekers of individual souls. Watch your opportunities.

Want Christ

SEE the little two-year-old in the hands of the nurse. The mother has gone uptown shopping, and the little one twists and cries and writhes. The nurse offers it toys. "Don't want toys, want mamma." Then marbles. "Don't want marbles, want mamma." "Don't want candy, want mamma." And at last, when the mother returns, it rushes to her arms as quiet and sweet as an angel. And so with a true Christian. Offer him the ball-room, and he says, "Don't want ball-room, want Christ." "Don't want theatres, want Christ." "Don't want cards, want Christ." "Don't want praise of men, want Christ."—*Selected*.

—God is the source of power, faith the hand that lays hold of the power.—J. Hudson Taylor.

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My pallid friend, is your pulse beating low?
Does the red wine of life too sluggishly flow?
Set it spinning through every tingling vein
By outdoor work, till you feel once again
Like giving a cheery schoolboy shout.

Get out!

Are you morbid and like the owl in the tree?

Do you gloomily hoot at what you can't see?

Perhaps, now, instead of being so wise,
You are only looking through jaundiced eyes;

Perhaps you are bilious or getting too stout;
Get out!

Out in the air where fresh breezes blow
Away all the cobwebs that sometimes grow
In the brains of those who turn from the light

To all gloomy thoughts instead of the bright,

Contend with such foes and put them to rout.

Get out!

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS PARK

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A SUMMER resort of a thousand acres, owned and controlled by an association of Methodists, with "all outdoors" thrown in! It is not a "Chautauqua," nor an "Ocean Grove," nor a "Round Lake," nor a "Northfield," and yet some of the attractions that make those names famous are not lacking here—a place alike charming to all classes and conditions of men save the ultra-fashionable that desire the gayety and frivolity of a Newport. Rest of body and rest of soul, the glory of the sea and the charm of the hills, attract and enthrall every lover of nature. In this era when "summer resorts" are becoming an absolute necessity, a syndicate of Methodist brethren in northern New York found on Wellesley Island, one of the largest of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, a place that seemed the most desirable on that majestic river controlled by two mighty nations. Hence they formed, in 1875, a Camp-meeting Association under a charter from the State of New York. Then came a boom, not unlike those which have swept through the country. A city was projected, lots sold, streets, avenues, roads round the mountain and across the bays laid out, a large hotel built, local laws enacted, and all went at a rapid pace. Tents were struck, cottages built, elegant houses on the coast and inland sprang up. But there came, as usual, a reaction, and in 1883 a new charter was given, changing the name to the "Thousand Islands Park Association," and no longer was it distinctly a camp-meeting affair, appealing mainly to the denominational idea, but to the need of a great public who seek the best for body and soul irrespective of sect or denomination; and for some twenty years it has had such a fascination that families from various parts of the country cannot resist the wonderful attractions of this spot and seek their summer home here. The well-known and beloved Dr. J. T. Gracey told the writer that he had time and again been enticed by offers to go elsewhere, even if but for one season, but this magnet was too powerful and he

could not resist; and his experience is that of hosts of others.

To many the "Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence" is an unknown land, or considered a poetic phrase. By actual count we are assured that there are over 1,800 islands, varying in size from a little rocky islet, that modestly lifts up its head from the waters, to this superb Wellesley Island where the Park is located, the real centre of attraction of this region. It lies between the Canadian and American channel, with its great rocky fortresses guarding the coast line, and its "Lake of the Isles" in the centre of the island—a wild, fascinating, secluded body of water, which but few visitors see, as there is so much outside that enchains and enchants. From eight to ten thousand come yearly to spend the season; 200,000, we are told, landing at the wharf one year. The Association have built a Tabernacle under the trees where some two thousand gather every Sabbath to listen, as this year, to such noted men as Bishop D. A. Goodsell, of Chattanooga, Tenn., ex-Chancellor C. N. Sims, D. D., of Syracuse University, Rev. Manley Benson, D. D., of Canada, W. F. McDowell, D. D., of New York city, Bishop J. M. Walden, of Cincinnati. The weekly prayer-meeting is a strong attraction in the fact that perhaps a dozen denominations take part in song and remarks, creating a delightful bond of fellowship. The editor of the *Congregationalist* drove, a few Sundays ago, some six miles from a summer resort to a lively little town in the New Hampshire hills expecting to find a Sabbath service, and then drove back again, finding no church open, as "the minister was off on his vacation." Not so here. Lectures, concerts, readings, are given weekly. The State Teachers' Association, with its large constituency, meets here yearly for some three weeks' study, and other prominent organizations, religious and secular, keep one on the alert, even if the marvelous river does not keep them on its entrancing waters. During the week the wharf is alive with excursionists, who for twenty-five or fifty cents can take a trip through a region of natural and artistic grandeur unrivaled, we believe, in the United States, and which never palls, however often the sail is taken. We cannot describe the beauty of these trips. It is as if the great river, after leaving Lake Ontario, had met with a titanic dynamic force which had shattered it into a thousand fragments, each fragment taking form and beauty and covering itself with frond and fern, with wild flowers and pines, with quiet pastures and lonely and lovely ravines, with hidden bays and recesses of inimitable charm; and through this you sail hour after hour. The great river is lost in a bewildering maze of Nature's wildest scenery, which lifts the dullest soul out of the cares of life into a land of supernal glory.

The rules of the Association seek the best good of the resident or the visitor. No steamers are allowed to touch the wharf on Sunday, and no liquor-selling is permitted; hence the one benevolent-looking policeman meanders about just to give one an idea that he is on hand if needed and as a show card. A custom-house officer in uniform reminds one that if he visits Canada, close by, he must beware and not buy a "sweater" or a "silk waist"

unless under a severe penalty. This scrutiny of an innocent visitor to Kingston or Brockville, who buys a trifle for his own use, is a little embarrassing at times, but Uncle Sam must have his rules, and one must obey. But the two beautiful silk flags of England and America in the tabernacle, and the Sabbath prayer for "Her Majesty the Queen" and for the "President of the United States," show our proximity to a foreign country and our kinship to our fatherland.

We read in our dailies of the extreme heat down East and out West, but we have had hardly a day without a cool breeze and our nights give most refreshing sleep.

W. F. M. S. NOTES

—Miss Mabel C. Hartford's quarterly report, July 12, is full of interest, and in closing she says: "The viceroys of the the southern states have refused to join the rebellion, and have promised to protect foreigners and their property, so we hope for no trouble."

—Miss Manning writes from Chungking: "We use the W. F. M. S. prayer list (calendar) for our morning prayers, and are pleased to know that you in the home land and we in the foreign lands are each day uniting our voices in petition to God for some one definite object."

—Letters dated July 26 have been received from Miss Ella Glover, who was then at Tokyo. Miss Croucher writes, July 23, from Yokohama: "While I have lost all except what goes into a small steamer trunk, I am not bemoaning my temporal losses, but rejoice with thanksgiving that my life has been spared for still further service for my Master."

—Miss Katherine Spear, of Baroda, India, writes to "thank the friends who have kindly given money for India's sufferers." The cholera made sad ravages in the school and village, and lost them valued helpers.

—Words of good cheer come from Miss Josephine Paine at Seoul, Korea.

—A class of seven promising young ladies graduated from the Mexico City

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school; five of them are assigned to teach in our mission schools this year.

—Miss Todd writes from Foochow that she expects to be at home in season for the annual meeting.

—In writing about the distressing condition in China, Miss Elizabeth Russell says: "Our little Japanese will relieve the situation; would have done it before if they had been allowed. I am proud of them."

—The daughter of Ding Ung Diu, presiding elder, expects to come to America to study in the near future. Miss Longstreet writes: "She is a most remarkable girl, bright, loving and lovable, but so humble and such a thorough Christian."

—Mrs. Gertrude Matthews, of Aligarh, India, writes under date of May 31: "We have had a very anxious time. Cholera broke out in the Girls' Orphanage, and we lost some of our very weak girls, as they had no strength to battle against the disease. We are now getting on fairly well."

—Miss Laura Wright writes from Muttra about the girls washing their jet-black hair and applying coconut oil, adding lustre to its beauty. Miss Rowe used to say: "All India washes her hair on Saturday." Many of our girls have very beautiful hair. How they smile when told that some "Missie Sahiba" has written, asking the color of their hair and eyes. With twinkling eyes these brownies often say: "The sun burnt me black," or "I have not washed my hands and face, that is why I'm black."

—We rejoice to know that Mrs. Parker, wife of Bishop Parker, is about to return to India. She is the only surviving lady of the missionary band who, in 1859, went out to take up the work inaugurated by Dr. William Butler. After years in India, she returned home for a rest, and became the chief promoter and founder of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The church

honors her, and gladly sees her going back to the mission where her fidelity, toil, earnestness, and deep piety have made her the queen of woman's work, fostering educational, literary, financial and zenana-visiting labors, and in all lines proving herself the faithful follower of Him who said to Mary, "Go, tell of Me."

—Miss Mary Wolfe, who served so efficiently in the hospital at Jeffersonville, Ind., and was expected to go to Singapore, will be obliged, for health reasons, to change her plans. Her preference in a field is China, and if any missionaries can be sent to that country at all, she will be sent to the much-needed station at Hinghua.

—Miss Sheldon, our heroic missionary in Bhôt, tells of drink there as connected with *devata puja* (the worship of the idols): "At times we find a whole village in a state of intoxication. It is hard to see a brave and industrious people ruining themselves through drink. When not in liquor, it is a pleasure to talk with them and to tell them of 'the Man who died for them.'" She adds: "We have met with a good deal of snow on this trip. The highest village of Darma Bhôt is Sibü, over 13,000 feet above the sea. In reaching that we have to cross the Dhauli, a rapid, turbulent river. We were told that the bridge had given way under the heavy snowfalls of the winter, but about a mile further up there was a natural snow bridge which men and sheep were still using. We decided to try it. An old woman said, 'O big sister, don't cross, there are great fissures in the snow bridge which have to be jumped. Loaded sheep are thrown across;' but we felt that what others could do in the interests of trade, we could do in the name of our God. So we kept on, and safely crossed the snow bridge under which the great river roared its way. Its crevices were some three feet wide and we could look down to a depth of thirty or forty feet of ice and snow. We waited in some anxiety for our loads. To our surprise two of the coolies were women. But all, women and coolies, with loads of fifty or sixty pounds upon their backs, leaped the crevices safely, and thought nothing of it. We had at our meetings most interested audiences, and two days after recrossed the snow bridge, whose crack was already gaping more widely."

—Darjeeling, India, where the terrible landslide occurred a short time ago, has a still greater danger to meet. We quote a late account: "Scores of men, women and children were gathered round the barrels of liquor (near the distillery), drinking from old jam-tins and broken bottles. Some had open-mouthed bottles, and were sucking the liquor through straws. Now and then a friend was invited to join; if the friend was a woman, her baby was taken from her arms, and the bottle passed to the mother, who, after quenching her own thirst, fed it to her baby! A few of the Saviour's words were listened to by one of the groups, and when the drink habit was referred to, an old woman said: 'We must take it to keep our hearts strong, otherwise we should sink under our burden.' A young man said: 'How can we break the habit? We are brought up from babyhood to drink.' A Mohammedan said: 'I learned it from my Christian master!'" So-called Christians cursing India with liquor!

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Founded, 1823

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Epworth League Department

Edited by REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, Ph. D.

Convention Addenda

So superior and uniformly valuable were all the exercises of the notable Lynn Convention, that to omit reference to any of them might justly be counted a loss. Notwithstanding the HERALD most generously granted several pages for our recent report, it was found necessary to pass over to the present issue some account of the

Department Conferences

In these much of the very best work of the convention was done. They were admirably planned and conducted. Eight were held at the same hour, in which some forty specially prepared papers and talks were given by experienced Epworthians. It was my privilege to look in upon each of these training classes. The business-like, wide-awake, vigorous, serious and conscientious spirit everywhere dominant was most refreshing. Listeners were eager to learn. Instructors seemed bent on making their respective departments contribute all that could be expected to the grand aggregate of League achievement. It was a beautiful sight.

Administration and Correspondence

E. M. WHEELER, Conductor.

C. M. Foote, Nashua, N. H., "The Model President:" (1) His life should be entirely consecrated to Christ; (2) He should be a careful and prayerful student of the Bible; (3) A student of human nature, with tact and wisdom in dealing with all the members, every one of whom he should know personally.

Miss Cora D. E. Robinson, Worcester, "The Model Cabinet Meeting:" This presupposes a model cabinet. One who has no time or inclination has no place in the cabinet. There should be a regular time of meeting—one whole evening a month, every member present. Always open with prayer. Attendance upon this meeting should be held as sacred a duty as attending class-meeting or prayer-meeting. Full and accurate minutes should be kept, and the work of each department discussed, harmonized, unified.

Miss S. Gertrude Mayo, Lynn, "The Model Secretary:" The secretary ought to be a model of promptness, neatness, courtesy, punctuality and system; records carefully kept, and prompt in correspondence; advertising agent for the chapter; not mechanical, but inventive and alive.

George W. Penniman, Secretary, "The Model Business Meeting:" Begin on time. Have a president who knows how to dispatch business. Keep something going on, not allowing the business to lag.

Ernest W. Burch, New London, Conn., "Utility of Department of Correspondence Within the League:" Painstaking neatness has a moral effect upon the secretary and the members. Practical ingenuity in notices, in order to stimulate curiosity. Records may be exhibited to League occasionally, showing its progress or failures, and profit thereby.

Miss Sadie A. Lowell, Dexter, Me., "Utility of the Department of Correspondence Outside the League:" Here the secretary should be intensely in earnest. Look out for those just outside. Invite to some social first. Introduce them and get others interested in them. Inform lukewarm members of the workings of the chapter. Send them League literature. Send cards of invitation to new comers in the community. Live not for yourselves, but for others.

Spiritual Work

REV. H. E. FOSS, D. D., Conductor.

Rev. Dr. F. C. Haddock, Lynn, "Culture of the Religious Life:" 1. Not a matter of rules, but of principles; 2. Its value depends upon man's discovery and appreciation of the ethical and spiritual significance of life.

George E. Whitaker, Publisher of ZION'S HERALD, "Elements of a Good Prayer-meeting:" 1.

Room conditions favorable; 2. Good music, some solid hymns; 3. Good leader, well prepared; 4. Special preparation on the part of everybody present.

George H. Worster, Esq., Bangor, "How can the League Win Young Men?" 1. By personal, individual effort; 2. Emphasize and repeat invitations; 3. Courage and sympathy; 4. Helpful social relations utilized.

Miss Hattie Hughes, Pawtucket, R. I., "What Constitutes a Good Leader?" Thorough preparation by Bible study and prayer. Spiritual energy and sympathy and patience and tact and enthusiasm. Make the meeting lively.

The conductor closed with, "Some Possibilities of the First Department:" Not merely having good prayer-meetings, but discovering in young people future Christian leaders, temperance reformers, missionaries, and advocates of purity. A few will enter these fields, and all may be brought into harmony with the spirit of these activities.

Mercy and Help

REV. L. H. DORCHESTER, Conductor.

Mrs. Cora L. Brownell, Taunton, "Department of Duties and Privileges:" These are calculated to develop Christlike character.

Rev. E. J. Helms, Boston, "City Mission Work:" He has had experience herein, and feels its need and magnifies its vital importance.

Miss Josephine S. Flisk, superintendent Deaconess Home, Boston, "Prompt and Useful Service:" An earnest and helpful talk, enforced by incidents taken from real life among the destitute.

Literary Work

MISS ELIZABETH C. NORTHUP, Conductor.

Miss Anna M. Starbuck, East Greenwich Academy, "Some Reasons for Lack of Success in the Third Department:" Reasons for failure must lie either in the members themselves, in the matter presented, or in the manner of presenting it. 1. The majority are not literary in their tastes as evidenced in the absence of purposeful reading. This may be the result of want of training, or wrong training, or the spread of trashy publications. 2. Failure may be due to the mistake of regarding nothing literary unless of the most solid character. Hence much of it is too heavy, not attractive; the reading course itself may have this defect. 3. The manner in which the leader conducts the work may insure defeat. Much depends upon the ability, skill and tact of the third vice-president. He should have ingenuity sufficient to interest the least gifted, and to so assign tasks as to encourage the most diffident.

W. Dudley Yates, Hazardville, Conn., "Practical Points upon a Pressing Problem:" Two kinds of difficulties confront us—local and general: 1. Lack of interest in literary pursuits; 2. Lack of method in literary work. Remedies: The work must be individual and personal. Monthly meetings should be for literary work and not for mere entertainment. The essentials for a successful meeting are variety, activity, regularity, ingenuity, push. Examples of literary programs were given—assignments to be made a month in advance and worked out by individual members.

J. Edwin Lacount, Somerville, "A Helpful Method of Bible Study:" Reading is one thing, and study is another. Study requires effort; it requires system. A set of Bible studies should include: 1. A plan, to be (1) historical, (2) simple, (3) deep, (4) broad, (5) devotional; 2. A class, whose members give a half-hour each day to study, and meet weekly to gather up and clinch. 3. A leader, with ability to guide the class and keep them interested; 4. A committee, to look out for the work, to encourage and inspire the discouraged, and to help maintain persistent effort.

Miss Frances B. Dillingham, Auburndale, "Great Models vs. Newspaper Literature:" Difference between them was defined. A strong plea was made for careful study of literary masterpieces of English prose and poetry, such as have proved their right to exist by standing the hardest of all tests—the test of time. The need and value of the literary study of the Bible was

emphasized. Great literature has a moral purpose.

An enthusiastic discussion followed these papers. All agreed that this department had not achieved the success it deserves. Various remedies were suggested. Miss Northup closed the conference with such practical remarks as demonstrated her qualifications for this office. She gave examples of work done in her own home League. They began with first-class works of fiction, and gradually led up to more solid literature. A taste for what is best can be cultivated. She urged the need of trained leaders. They are essential to high success.

Social Department

REV. C. O. JUDKINS, Conductor.

He opened with prayer, and then spoke upon "Social Problems," which urge their attention upon the church.

Rev. Leon K. Willman, Waterbury, Vt., "Social Work as an Aid to Spiritual Growth:" With well-developed thought and timely illustrations he so related the social and spiritual as to make them appear parts of a whole. Social services should be more truly social, not stiff, conventional, formal. Our faith is a social faith, finding its truest realization and being most useful when recognizing the right relations between man and man.

Prof. W. M. Newton, president of Montpelier Seminary, "Social Life as a Stimulant to Study:" He spoke from large experience with students, being convinced that for the best work frequent social events are necessary. The Social and Literary departments of the League should be made mutually helpful.

James F. Bullock, New Bedford, "Christian Sociability among Young People:" A most urgent need of churches is more painstaking sociability—a determined, persistent effort to make the diffident, the poor, the young and old, and all classes, feel at home in church activities.

A warm discussion followed, eliciting excellent suggestions, and evincing much zeal. Mr. Judkins closed, emphasizing the vast importance of this department. It introduces all other work. Men must be found and approached before they can be saved and cultured. The finding of people and attracting them to the church is our mission. Outsiders must be won and made welcome.

Department of Finance

CURTIS W. BIXBY, Conductor.

He spoke upon "League Finances;" C. R. Fletcher, Watertown, upon "The League and Church Finances;" L. H. Hosley, Springfield, Mass., upon "Business Methods in Raising Money for League Work." All agreed that the League should not be a money-raising society, but its members should be taught their financial obligations and entreated to form the habit of systematic benevolence, giving to God's cause

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the first-fruits of their increase, realizing that we are not our own; He owns us and all we have. The weak point in most Christian characters is a selfish use of money.

Junior Leagues

REV. O. W. SCOTT, Conductor.

This was the most largely attended of any of the conferences.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley, Lowell, "The Boys and the Junior League:" Attractions must be offered them. Give them what they like, and do not expect too much of them.

Rev. G. A. Grant, Middleboro, "The Junior League as a Means of Bringing Children into Visible Relation with the Church:" He is well-informed and skillful in this branch of endeavor, thoroughly believing in the vast value of bringing the young early into church membership.

Mrs. A. L. Nutter, Union, Me.: Not able to be present, her helpful paper on "The Junior as a Twentieth Century Soul-Winner" was read by her husband. Insight and foresight are apparent in this theme. The Juniors of today may receive their first impressions and even experiences which will powerfully aid in qualifying them for soul-winners in the coming century.

Rev. A. E. Atwater, Barre, Vt., "The Junior Wheel:" He showed how it may be made to revolve in a way to keep the Juniors moving forward in actual Christian progress.

Miss Margaret A. Nichols, Dorchester, "What the Seniors can Do to Help:" They can manifest an interest by occasionally attending the meetings of Juniors, speak encouraging words to the superintendent and other officers, and respond when called upon to assist in any way.

Throughout the entire convention the wholesome sentiment prevailed that no work is more essential to future League prosperity than Junior League work.

Conference of Pastors

Conducted by PRESIDENT FREEMAN.

The general topic was, "How the Pastor can Use the League."

Rev. R. F. Lowe, Brattleboro, Vt., "In Revival Work:" This depends upon his own mental attitude toward the League. If he has thought of it as a mere plaything with which to amuse young people, he cannot use it. Should he have enough sanctified imagination to see in it a mighty engine trembling with pent-up energy, waiting only for a master's hand to guide, he may utilize its forces in accomplishing glorious results. Demonstrating his interest in and sympathy with the Leaguers in their organization and personal, spiritual well-being, he is ready to get near to them, to take them into his confidence, and direct them in this great work. After close conversation with several of the most influential ones, request the cabinet to call a special meeting. There he can talk over plans with them and enthuse them with his own aroused revival spirit. This should be done some weeks before the special meetings begin. Select good leaders for regular devotional meetings. Take them week by week into your study, and there aid in preparing the topic. Ask members to make out a list of those for whose salvation they are praying and are willing to work, and give to the pastor. Thus he and they come closer together. With tact and earnestness, induce personal effort for winning souls in the meetings and out. With a sufficient amount of preparatory work and wise, sympathetic leadership on the pastor's part, revival results may be largely increased by the League's help.

Rev. E. E. Reynolds, Whitesfield, N. H., "In Training Probationers and Children:" The first essential is a positive, conscious, warm, deep, rich Christian experience. Young Christians will naturally take on the type of religion that comes nearest to them. These impressible natures are capable of more correct spiritual interpretations and impressions than are older persons. An excellent plan is to appoint a consecrated and Christlike Epworthian to have special guardianship over each child probationer. Keep before the Leaguers the immense importance of so closely following the Divine Model that younger Christians may safely imitate them. There is no question that probationers and children need just the influence and help that a consecrated Leaguer can give them. This work will develop the League as will no other

department, especially in real spiritual Christian character. It is here the pastor needs wisdom from God.

Rev. G. R. Grose, Newton, "As a Social Force:" First, by raising the social ideal of the church community. This can be done with the aid of our most intelligent and refined young people. The elements of social worth must be recognized and appreciated, never snubbed. Many are lost to our church through failure to find a satisfactory social life within the church. Our League has an important work to do in saving the young from degrading forms of social amusement and in saving them to the church. Second, the pastor can utilize the League in promoting truer sociability, a spirit of more genuine friendliness among members. The League ought to be a kind of introduction committee in the church, making it impossible for members to remain unacquainted or for strangers to come and go without receiving a hearty welcome. By putting a premium upon intelligence and culture, doing away with cheap theatricals, providing social occasions which will contribute to refinement of taste and a more general, intimate acquaintance among the people, the League can make a much-needed contribution to the spiritual life of our churches.

Rev. George S. Butters, Somerville, "In Pastoral Work:" So closely identified with young people's work, and so eminently successful in utilizing them in his various fields, has this speaker been, that his remarks must have been especially valuable. It is a real disappointment that a fair report of his suggestions failed to reach the writer, and hence it is impossible to do him justice.

This conference was marked by intense interest, as the relation of League to pastor, and pastor to League, is one of most vital importance.

A very excellent device for imparting to the convention the value of these different conferences was that of condensed reports, five minutes each, by persons previously appointed to do so. These were presented on the following morning, and many an Epworthian, eager to gather fresh material for home use, carried away ideas and inspirations that cannot fail to move individuals and chapters up to higher levels of efficiency and effectiveness. Great in their practical benefits are Department Conferences when so finely conducted as were those at the Lynn Convention.

Merry-Making

Intensity and eagerness demand suitable relaxation. This was provided for in a well-planned and greatly enjoyed banquet. Over three hundred happy conventioners in the spacious banquet hall of the church gathered about the festal board. A mere nominal charge for the inviting menu placed the enjoyment within reach of all. Mr. E. J. Boyce, president of Jesse Lee Chapter, was master of ceremonies. Standing about the loaded tables three hundred hearts blended three hundred voices in singing "Blest be the tie that binds." Dr. Coultas, of Morristown, N. J., invoked the divine blessing. Then came clatter and chat, introduction and greeting, story and repartee, mingled with due gratification of the inner man. Post-prandial hilarity might fittingly describe the closing, had it not been for the undertone of earnestness easily apparent. Dr. Greene, the much-loved pastor, was toastmaster, and in high glee. With jovial phrase he called upon President Freeman, Dr. Pickles, and the writer.

A Mighty Meeting

Such is the heading of the *Epworth Herald's* page report of our convention. On the same page appeared "A Visitor's View," by Rev. S. L. Hamilton, of Los Angeles, Cal., one of the raciest and best

of our contributors to church periodicals:—

"It was a hot convention. That relates to the weather.

"It was a fervent convention. That relates to its spirit.

"It was a large convention. That relates to the attendance.

"It was a great convention. That relates to the program.

"It was a good convention—good in the sense of being helpful as well as enjoyable. Those present got a real spiritual uplift, and so can help to lift others up.

"And it was a well-officered and well-planned convention. The committees, general and local, did their work well. The decorations of the great church were superb. Generous use was made of the American flag.

"The convention enthused over 'California, 1901,' and cheered the California banners when placed on the wall."

California, 1901

We are informed by Rev. S. L. Hamilton, of Los Angeles, that matter suitable for a "California, 1901" Epworth League Literary Social can be had, without cost, by all chapters who desire it, by addressing Rev. Thomas Filben, D. D., chairman executive committee, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, Cal. Such a social would be profitable and enjoyable intellectually, and could be utilized to aid in raising money with which to assist in paying the expenses of a delegate. Mr. Hamilton also suggests that it would be desirable for excursionists to go by a route which shall take in Southern California (which can be done without additional cost as to fare), and so spend the Sunday preceding the convention in Los Angeles, where on Sunday afternoon a great Epworth League mass meeting will be held in the new First M. E. Church, which will seat 2,500. Many Endeavorers did this when their International Convention was held in San Francisco, and it would be a great pleasure to the Los Angeles Leaguers, and to their visitors as well, if the Epworth League tourists should do the same.

Semi-Annual

The Epworth League Cabinet of the First General Conference District will hold its autumn semi-annual meeting at Concord, N. H., Sept. 26-27. The New Hampshire Conference Epworth League Convention is to be in session there the same date, in which members of the cabinet will take part. It ought to be an occasion of great benefit, and help many chapters to carry forward a most vigorous fall and winter campaign in all departments of the League. Every chapter in the old Granite State is earnestly entreated to send at least one delegate to this convention and receive some of the fire which will certainly be kindled there. Rally, Epworthians, and make this the most deeply spiritual and practical of all conventions ever held in your Conference!

Vacation

Will soon be over. What immense stores of new vitality and fresh energy have been gained! Let them all be utilized, under Divine guidance, in giving church life throughout New England such power as will remove reproach and bring multitudes into close fellowship with Christ. We ought to make the coming season memorable for Christian purity and effective work in soul-winning. May God send power and wisdom upon our hosts!

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

League Prayer Meeting Topics for September

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, Ph. D.

September 2—"Seek Souls." Luke 15: 1-10.

DAILY READINGS

Monday. God's love for the soul. John 4: 4-16.
Tuesday. His desire to save. Rom. 8: 28-34.
Wednesday. Jesus' gift for us. 1 Pet. 2: 17-25.
Thursday. The one duty. Micah 6: 6-8.
Friday. The disciples' responsibility. John 15: 12-16.
Saturday. After His example. John 13: 1-15.

SHEEP, SILVER, SOULS

I. An Enigma. Crowds of publicans and crowds of sinners! How strange! What can it mean? And more: This Man receives these sinners with a cordiality that would seem to indicate that He enjoys their society. He even eats with them. Think of it! What an intolerable mark of fellowship! So the pharisees and scribes draw their righteous robes about them, stand a safe distance from the contamination, and look askance from under their drooping eyelids.

VELVET STRAINS

Eager ears have some of these publicans and sinners, standing near the Saviour. Delightfully soothing are His words as contrasted with the harshness of a critical world. If a man have a hundred sheep and lose one, will he not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it? Will he not? Is it not the part of wisdom to do so? He finds it, and now comes the rejoicing. And what rejoicing it is! Neighbors and friends must share his happiness. So they have a jubilee together. Like this in kind, but far greater in degree, is the "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

Not enough yet? Anxious are these listeners for more. If a woman has ten pieces of silver and loses one, does she let the matter pass, thinking that so long as she has nine left that will do? No, she lights a candle, sweeps the house, and searches diligently till she finds the lost coin. Then comes the rejoicing with neighbors and friends. How relieved and how satisfied! How happy she is! Before losing the coin she little realized how precious it was to her. Now it is priceless. Here is sound wisdom persistently carried to success. It that same wise persistency is exercised in the search for souls, think you not that even more jubilant success would crown Christian effort?

Have the publicans and sinners grasped the idea of these parables? To quite an extent, no doubt. They were desirous to know, and to such spiritual knowledge is revealed. But what about the pharisees and scribes yonder? What have they gained? Much? Not likely. Christ's instruction is only for open ears and receptive minds.

II. The Truth. Lost men are vastly more valuable than straying sheep. Souls are worth more than coins. Believing this to be the case, is our endeavor in their behalf commensurate with our knowledge? Are there Christian people among us who would undergo more hardships to recover a straying sheep than a wandering soul?

IMPRINT

1. Every soul bears the imprint of God. The higher it rises towards its Creator, the more clearly does it show forth the Divine image.

2. It becomes dimmed by long distance from Him and from much friction in sin's

rough hands. Little Mary did an errand for her uncle which was so well done that he gave her a quarter. Immediately her face beamed with pleasure, which was very quickly changed to a sober look. "Why, Mary, don't you enjoy your money?" asked her mother. "I thought I did," the little girl replied, "but see, it is so thin and smooth that the quarter is all gone from it." "Oh, no, it isn't," said her mother. "See there! a little of the eagle is left, and so long as the coin gives any evidence of having been once honored by our Government, it will pass." Souls may slip so far away from God as to lose nearly all trace of His image; but every human being has His imprint, and the one most sadly effaced He will honor and restore if we bring it to Him.

FINDERS

We all may be finders if we sufficiently value the lost. The wandering sheep would probably have never returned to the fold had not the shepherd gone in search of it. The lost coin could not, of its own accord, have gotten back into the purse. True, the prodigal son came to himself, but it was the thought of his father's yearning love that drew him. God has so arranged the economy of grace that those who have found its benefits shall become finders of others and help to bring them back where they rightfully belong.—

1. By living like one who has been redeemed.
2. By an unconscious winsomeness.
3. By ways of mercy and help.
4. By studying and planning to speak the word in season.
5. By the exercise of love's tact.
6. By that wisdom which comes with the gift of the Holy Spirit.
7. By direct, prayerful, persistent effort for some special soul.
8. By a perfect trust in God for the increase.
9. By studying God's Word with reference to this one end.
10. By being a faithful comrade of the Quiet Hour, thus daily growing more unto the Christ-spirit of compassion for the lost.

"Let me seek, dear Saviour,
Lost souls for Thee today,
In the darkened woodland,
Where by sin they stray;
Souls beyond Thy mercy,
If left alone to roam,
Commissioned by Thy bounty
I'd gladly bring them home."

If two million souls are won to Christ by our church within the three years now passing, Epworthians will have to find many. Such glorious work, affecting three worlds, blessing earth, rejoicing God's heart, and determining eternal destinies, ought to have great attraction for us.

PRAYER

Blessed Master, anoint us with the Holy Ghost and give us the essential qualifications for soul-winning! Deepen our desires to enter more fully into Thy compassion for wandering ones. May we be more willing to give up any practice that hinders us in this kind of service. Teach us the way to sinful hearts. Enable us to achieve results that will save men and rejoice Thee. All in Thy name. Amen!

September 9—"Our Simple Duty." Luke 17: 7-10.

DAILY READINGS

Monday. First things. 1 Kings 3: 5-10.
Tuesday. Duties vs. pleasures. 2 Tim. 2: 13.
Wednesday. The great choice. Eccl. 12: 1-13.
Thursday. Guidance needed. Psa. 25: 1-8.
Friday. Unwearied in good works. 2 Thess. 3: 1-13.
Saturday. The reward of well-doing. Isa. 3: 10; Eph. 6: 8.

TRUE HEROISM

A noble young Epworthian of a Western city completed his high school course after a hard struggle. Throughout he con-

tinued his daily paper route evenings, and mornings found him early sweeping and dusting a store. Saturday's hours, too, were filled from six A. M. till ten at night. But he enjoyed effort and conflict so long as he was able to gratify his thirst for knowledge. Now comes the eager question: Can he go to college? Is it not possible? Looming up in the future for years this fond hope had lured him on. During his waking hours the thought of such a delight glowed with a fascinating lustre. At night he dreamed of it as an elysium of richest charm. For some time, however, fear had chilled his anticipations. Old friends calling upon his mother expressed surprise at her frail appearance. Robert had noticed a change for the worse, and wondered how she could do so many washings a week. When talking with her about it, she showed him there was no other way, since three younger than himself were to be clothed and fed by the toil of her hands. That the burden was too heavy was very evident. That she could not long endure such burdens was also plain. If he went to college he could take care of himself, but could not lessen his mother's load. Now what shall he do? What a problem to solve! Fierce was the conflict. College days, college contests, college victories, college prizes, college achievements, college advantages for a whole lifetime, arranged on the one side. On the other was a poor home that he could better—two young sisters who also should have the chance of a high-school education, crippled Jamie who ought to have special help in making his way through life, and a noble mother who should be saved to them. What shall he do? The mother's pale, pathetic face said duty, duty.

Robert was brave and true. But ere that painful struggle was ended, hot tears wet his pillow during the darkness of more than one night. But he conquered grandly, and placed himself at the head of the family for their support. Noble, say you? Yes, immensely noble. But was it more than duty? Is not one's simple duty rightly done always heroic?

The decision once made, there was no



wavering; Robert was calmly conscious of doing right. But there was not that exhilaration in his toil that he desired. Somehow duty's path was a hard road. A great experience yet awaited him: It was to enter into the joy of self-denying service. To Robert's credit, be it said, he did after a time reach this altitude, by Divine assistance. Duty was transfigured into love, and both blended into one. Duty nobly done rejoices God's heart and opens the way for His boundless love to flow into the soul.

GUIDE-BOARDS

Duty is something due from one person to another. Hence it is a relation between persons.

The origin of duty-conception is the conscience, and in conscience God is revealed. Duty implies obligation to God. "Ought" is said to be the heaviest word in human language. Duty is never an impossible requirement. What we ought to do, we can do. Here is duty's unfailing formula for living: Every free moral being can say, "I ought; therefore I can; hence I will."

Along this ever-ascending and ever-brightening way the soul rises to sublime heights of noblest living. I ought, I can, I will, do my whole duty, whatever it may cost.

Duty done is saying "Yes" to God in everything He asks. The dutiful Christian exclaims with Epictetus: "I am Thine; I refuse nothing that pleases Thee. Lead where Thou wilt." Is not this a beautiful highway?

PATTERNS

1. A little girl is busy as a little girl can be, at her play. Baby is crying, and mamma looks very tired. Is Jennie careless? Is she heedless? No! Her conscience is tender. The mother is relieved, and two bright little eyes cheer the home with rainbow beams.

2. A brave lad looked out upon the sea with longings to ride its billows and see the world. This is inclination. At right angles with it glistened duty through the tears of his mother. Desire is conquered. Duty triumphs in the youth's heart, and there is no brighter name in any national history than that of George Washington. All through his grand life duty was his guiding star.

3. Wellington's watchword was duty. Hear him: "There is little or nothing in this life worth living for; but we can all go straight forward and do our duty."

4. Lord Nelson's illustrious career was dominated by a determination of loyalty to duty. No watchword more stirring than that signaled to his fleet at Trafalgar ever nerved men for heroic battle. See it floating from the mast of his flagship: "England expects every man to do his duty." The victory is won. But Nelson falls. Listen to his dying words: "I have done my duty; I praise God for it."

5. The greatest empire of all history has marched to its proud position under the inspiration of a supreme desire to do its duty. Robertson exclaims: "Yes! Goodness, duty, sacrifice—these are the qualities that England honors." Referring to the wreck of the "Birkenhead," he adds: "She knows how to teach her sons to sink like men amidst sharks and billows without parade, without display, as if duty were the most natural thing in the world." National as well as individual character is determined by the habit of thought concerning duty.

TRUMPET CALLS

Duty-doing manifests the magnanimous soul and leads on to broader expansion.

Place duty first, and all else will fall into its proper place.

Sincerity simplifies duty.

In the performance of life's little duties ability is gained for larger undertakings.

... the topling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining tablelands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
—Tennyson.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! . . .
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calmest the weary strife of frail human-
ity.
—Wordsworth.

Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide.

—Goethe.

Awake, my soul, to duty wake!
Go pay the debt thou owest.
Go forward, and the night shall break
Around thee as thou goest.

—Lyte.

ULTIMATUM

Duty must be done. There is no escape; for duty evaded and neglected is duty still. Never forget that duty cheerfully done is the key that unlocks all doors into the treasury of God's heart. "No good thing is withheld from him that" does his duty. All the precious promises of Christian Scripture are for him who does whatsoever Christ commands. Right-willing, right-thinking, right-doing—all this is our simple duty. But for it we must have "the clean heart and the right spirit" secured through genuine repentance, simple faith, and complete consecration. Whatever else may fail, he who he is faithful to duty can never fail, for "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

September 16—The Broad Way—the
Narrow Way. Matt. 7: 13, 14.

DAILY READINGS

Monday. Two ways for man. Deut. 30: 15-20.
Tuesday. Directions in acknowledging God.
Prov. 3: 6, 7; Jer. 10: 23.
Wednesday. The Bible a daily help. Neh. 8:
16-18; Acts 2: 28.
Thursday. Pray for wisdom. Jas. 1: 5-7.
Friday. The wrong way. Prov. 14: 6-12.
Saturday. The way of life. John 11: 14-28.

WHICH?

Two little cousins opened their eyes upon this world at nearly the same time. Their fathers' farms adjoined, and each was the eldest child. Both were blessed with robust health. They were well matched in natural abilities, and they grew up together in very enjoyable boyish friendship. On the same Sabbath they entered the Sunday-school, and the same day found them starting together at the week-day school. So their lives ran almost parallel until fifteen summers had

passed. The winter following, there came to the neighboring village an earnest minister calling sinners to repentance. One evening these two cousins decided to attend. They found seats in the back part of the church. Young fellows like themselves were there, and merry, mischievous girls. The order was not the best. The sermon, however, was effective. It struck home. The cousins listened—one with undivided attention, the other now and then diverted by some little merriment of those near by. When the invitation for decision was given, the attentive one felt convinced that his time to yield had come. It was with him a supreme moment. Broad way or narrow way—which? Moreover, the choice must be made at once. He did not parley. To right or left he did not look. Straight forward to the penitents' altar he went. One minute that young life was trembling on a pivot; the next moment it had turned into the path of life. How grand this step! The cousin left behind also was convinced of sin; but he took counsel of his fears. His courage failed him when he considered what those giddy youths about him might say. Diverted attention and fears of ridicule settled him for the broad way. How sad! How irretrievably sad! That night those two lives were parted. Farther and farther apart they grew. From that hour they faced in opposite directions.

THE WAY OF LICENSE

1. Restraint thrown off, the soul drifts. No rudder, no destination, driven recklessly by shifting winds.

2. Neglect. Only fail to decide for the narrow way—this is enough to settle the question. Just let the momentous matter slip, and the evil choice is made.

3. Indifference. God's claims and fellow-men's welfare are ignored and lightly esteemed on this way.

4. Indulgence. Along this way are card tables. Whole nights of dancing are here. Also the theatre's baneful influence and the wine-glass' lure and curse. Debauchery slimes this path, and suicide gains partial respect.

5. Weakness. Broad is the way and fascinating at first. But every footfall diminishes its attractiveness. Its devices dwarf the soul and deliver it over to a self-imposed fate of misery. Unnerved by

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weakness, it falls a ready prey to the evils that lurk on every hand.

THE WAY OF PROHIBITION

1. Narrow, is it? Yes, just narrow enough to throw out all that is harmful.
2. It forbids only those things that are injurious, in order to make room for beneficial agencies.
3. It is a way that widens with every conquest and with all increased plans for normal development.
4. More and more choice become the flowers along this way. These are growing expressions of God's approval.
5. Music, too, gladdens the young—music produced by congenial companionship, heightened by the Divine presence.

POINTERS

The broad way is short. It often ends abruptly.
It promises much and fulfills little.
Its end demonstrates its unwisdom.
The narrow way is broad enough for all mankind if they choose to accept its conditions.
It grows more satisfactory with each day's advance.
God's Word is full of guiding lessons for the right way.
It has hills, but no pitfalls.
It is sure to end in heaven.

"To the gates of bliss immortal
Would I trace my way;
Be the pathway narrow, rugged,
To the land of day,
Care I not, no, care I not,
If with life eternal fraught."

September 23—"Tares in Your Field."
Matthew 13: 24-30, 36-43.

DAILY READINGS

Monday. Whence these tares? James 1: 12-15.
Tuesday. Evil in the heart. Luke 6: 39-45.
Wednesday. Power of evil. Romans 7: 14-25.
Thursday. How far we control. 1 Thess. 5: 21, 22.
Friday. After the summer the harvest. Jer. 8: 18-22.
Saturday. The good as a defense. Psalms 119: 9-16.

IMITATIONS, COUNTERFEITS

The real challenges our admiration—real lace, real cut-glass, real paintings, real wheat, real diamonds, real virtues, real people. If one thinks the real is being observed and suddenly finds it only imitation, what a sense of disappointment is realized!

FACTS

1. Christ, in our lesson, teaches that tares are individuals.
2. That they are the children of the wicked one.
3. That they cannot be easily discerned.
4. That the tares should not be separated from the wheat before the harvest time.
5. It is further claimed that tares and wheat belong to the same wheatlike grasses.
6. Their structure and condition of ground are similar.
7. Only when the fruit is formed can the difference be detected, because so much alike in appearance.
8. The tare is simply degenerate wheat.

SIMILITUDES

A man moves about in business with every bearing of rectitude. Shrewd contemporaries look upon him as a man of straightforward dealing. No sham is apparent. Thus for years he holds his place. Yet all the time that man has been a secret defrauder, and suddenly a morning paper announces his flight with a round million of dollars. A tare, a counterfeit in the business world!

A man sits in one of the best pews of an aristocratic church and is quite regularly

at the services. He has come to be a pillar in the temporal affairs of the society. Not that he prays in public or gives verbal testimony very often; but he contributes liberally and seems interested. No one surmises that he is a counterfeit. But the testing time comes. A severe temptation assails him. Spontaneously he yields fruit after his own kind. He is a tare. How dreadful! Inevitably will the harvest tell the story.

POINTED

Tares in your field? Mine? In my very own? Can it be? Rare is the field entirely free from all noxious or cumbering weeds! Weeds of impure motives, weeds of base desire, weeds of unholy ambition, weeds of sin in so many forms. How may these be uprooted? An easy matter to talk about, but oh, how difficult to accomplish!

1. *Scrutiny.* We must look closely into our hearts and discover, if possible, the very roots of bitterness from which these weeds spring. Nay, shall we not analyze the soil itself, and by the application of an all-sufficient grace have the elements removed that nurture these evil growths?

2. *Supplanting.* Instead of allowing the wild, rank growths of evil, plant the heart's soil with certain seeds of good. Cultivate them assiduously. Give them such care that they will utilize the richness of the soil and literally starve out sinful germs. This is a high ideal. But it is not without a practical application. Crowd out the evil with a more vigorous good.

3. *Trueness to Self.* Do we appreciate how careless we are of ourselves? In a sort of a way we look after our cultivation. But do we realize how superficial it is, after all? We study into our neighbor's conduct and wonder how he can be so reckless, how he can neglect this or do that, while we ourselves may be doing much worse. Genuineness in ourselves will encourage the same in others. This above all,—

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

September 30—Our Foolish Excuses.
Luke 14: 15-24.

DAILY READINGS

Monday. The common weakness. Gen. 3: 1-13.
Tuesday. Their unreasonableness. Exod. 3: 7-14.
Wednesday. Show willfulness. Rom. 1: 18-22.
Thursday. Life's messages uninterpreted. John 7: 14-17.
Friday. Growth impeded. Jas. 1: 22-25.
Saturday. Happiness in service. John 13: 17.

ALLEGED REASONS

With poor brushes, defective paints and flimsy canvas a young aspirant was bending himself to the reproduction of a landscape. Noting his genius, a retiring artist offered him his studio with all its equipment. But the young man declined, saying he fancied he could get along where he was. How short-sighted! It behooves every one in the struggle of life to avail himself of the best means placed at his disposal. Back of all foolish excuses lies a failure to appreciate real values. This does not usually grow out of inability, but lack of disposition. All fairly endowed people can practice this discrimination, if rightly trained. A failure here may be due in part,—

1. To want of correct early training. It is no insignificant matter to lead a child to look below the surface and mere appearance to substance and reality.
2. Lack of appreciation. This is an age of swift motion. We are in such a hurry

that we do not stop long enough to analyze grave subjects thoroughly. It is well to apply our thinking to the discovery and right estimate of true values.

3. Satisfaction with the superficial. All is not gold that glitters. Appearances are often deceitful. The style of costume, the furnishing of the home, the length of the purse—such things have more weight in some circles than the deeper, more substantial elements of moral worth. To those thus inclined, excuses for wrong-doing and the neglect of right-living are easily found.

A young lady finished her high school course with a fair standing. Some of her classmates were laying plans for a college education. About this time an uncle came to visit her home. He said to his niece: "How would you like to go to college?" She replied: "Oh, I couldn't. Papa can't afford to send me." Then said the uncle: "You may go if you like. I will meet all your expenses." She thought a moment, and then remarked: "I know you are very kind, uncle, but I think I will not accept your offer. You cannot do the learning for me." Not quite enough energy to exert herself! Too much personal effort required! How many would be Christians if some one else could do the sacrificing for them and perform the required labor! So many are apparently born tired.

The man who had bought a piece of ground could have accepted the invitation to the great supper and examined his land also, had he been willing to put forth the effort. Likewise the one who had bought five yoke of oxen might have proved them either before or after the supper by a little additional exertion. And he who had married a wife could have left her a little time, or probably could have taken her along, had he been so disposed. How many fail of life's greatest prizes from lack of energy!

PRETEXTS

That is what excuses are. They are alleged reasons, but not rational. They evince,—

1. *Insincerity.* Frequently they are invented to conceal the real situation.

2. *Idleness.* This springs from what the converted Indian called his original sin—laziness. "Ease" cries the natural disposition. Then when some duty is presented a pretext is offered for the evasion of its performance.

3. *Falsehood.* Most excuses are conscious or unconscious prevarications. "James, why did you not attend church this morning?" "Couldn't." "Couldn't?" Really he meant he did not wish to do so. The truth was, James did not appreciate the value of regular attendance upon public worship. Gradually he allowed himself to slip into a spirit of indifference touching spiritual things. Insincerity grew and blossomed into actual falsehood. His best characteristics became enervated, and he was limp as many a young fellow found lounging away life's precious Sabbaths.

ALARM BELLS

1. We can excuse ourselves out of all the best blessings that God can bestow upon manly men.
2. Excusing ourselves from the duty demanded also excuses us from the promised reward.
3. He who is expert in excuses is lame in effort.
4. The habit of making excuses robs the heart of courage.
5. Satan always helps an unfaithful person to find ample excuses.
6. Never was a good and valid excuse given for rejecting Christ.
7. To claim that one cannot be what the Gospel requires him to be, is an insult to God. Mr. Moody once said to his large congregation, "If any of you have a good reason for not accepting Christ, you will not be condemned at last. Write it out. Hang it on your wall. Cherish it. Take it with you to the judgment. It will be your saviour." Reasons have weight with Him; but excuses carry with them His righteous condemnation.

"By effort strong we crush the wrong,
And by unfolding true
Give God His due,
The larger lives which to Him belong."

Brockton, Mass.

Pearline

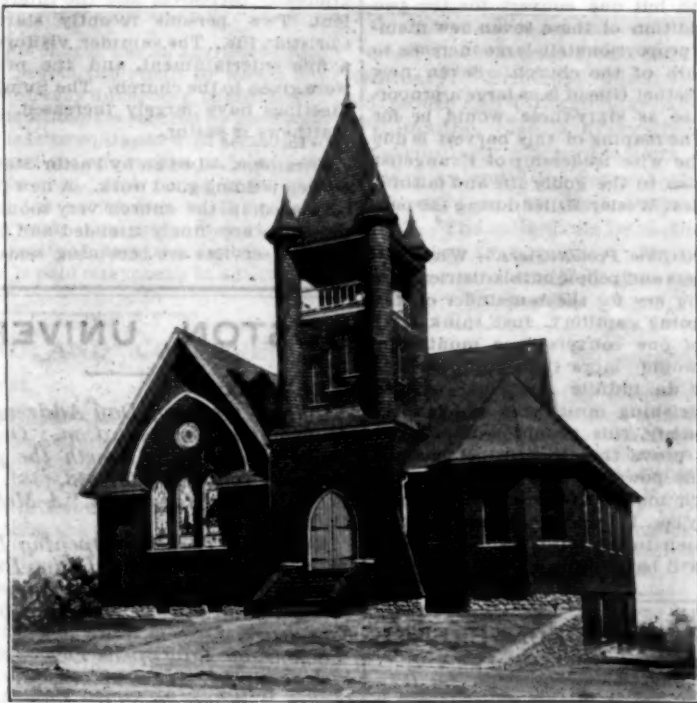
SKINS NO DIRT

New Church at Bethlehem, N. H.

Methodism was introduced into Bethlehem, N. H., very early in the present century. The old Landaff Circuit was established in 1800, and Elijah Sabin was appointed as preacher in charge. Soon after, a preacher came into these parts and a class was organized. The Bethlehem circuit became an appointment in 1827. For about forty years it was on a circuit. Not until somewhere about 1870 did it become a station. The first meeting-house was built in 1830. It was a one-story structure, with only one

The cut accompanying this sketch will give the reader a good idea of the edifice. The audience-room, chapel and ladies' parlor are on one floor, and give a seating capacity of about 400. In the basement is a dining-room, kitchen, cloak-room, closet, and furnace-room. It is lighted with electricity throughout. The cost, exclusive of the land, which was given about seventy years ago, was \$8,500. Mr. H. A. Thayer, of Whitefield, was the builder, and Mr. A. I. Lawrence, of Berlin, the architect, and both are deserving of praise for the work done.

The services of dedication began August 12 and



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BETHLEHEM, N. H.

room. In 1874, under the pastorate of Rev. S. P. Heath, it was raised up and a vestry built. They also moved it back on the lot and built a new front, adding thirty-six pews to the seating capacity. This proved to be quite expensive, costing over \$6,000. For several years the house has been out of repair. Whether to make improvements here, or erect a new edifice, became a question which excited considerable discussion. It was finally—and all believe wisely—decided to build a new house, one better adapted to the needs of today, and one whose architectural beauty would be an improvement on the old church.

This place, a quiet village for ten months of the year, is a crowded thoroughfare for two months. People of wealth and culture come here from all over the country. Many leading Methodists of the large cities are found in the hotels, and on the Sabbath are in our congregation. They come from beautiful and commodious houses of worship. Leading members of other denominations are often found in our pews. While we had a bit of denominational pride, we believe also that it was with a desire to glorify God that it was decided to "arise and build." Although it had been talked of for some time, and some steps were actually taken toward it, the work took a new start under the pastoral labors of Rev. C. M. Howard, one of our most efficient and popular men, and by him and his corps of workers has been carried to a successful completion. The building committee consisted of T. L. White, R. N. Gordon, and C. H. Hazen. The committee deferred almost exclusively to Mr. White, who has given largely of time and money. Besides, he has saved the society hundreds of dollars in the purchases he was able to make of pews, windows, steel ceiling, etc. Much credit is due to his excellent judgment and taste. Three beautiful memorial have been given—one by Mr. White in memory of his daughter; one by Otis Hale, of Littleton, in memory of his father and mother, who were early worshippers in the society; one by Mrs. Sawyer, of Greenfield, Mass., in memory of her father and mother; and the rose window over this group of three is the gift of the children of the Sunday-school. The money for the pulpit set and altar furniture was raised entirely by the pastor's wife.

closed the 19th. On the former date Dr. Geo. P. Mains, of New York, preached in the morning a most excellent sermon from the text: "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" He took charge of the money-raising for the day, and succeeded well. In the evening, Rev. Luther Freeman, pastor of Chestnut Street Church, Portland, Me., led the people to a vision of things not seen, and greatly pleased a large audience. Dedication day proper was Wednesday, the 15th, when Bishop E. G. Andrews was present to preach, and set apart the church. His theme was the "Spirituality of God," which he presented in a masterly manner. Thursday, the Ladies' Aid Society held its annual fair, with a net result of nearly \$300 to help pay their subscription of \$1,200. Sunday, the 19th, was closing day. Rev. O. S. Baketel, presiding elder of the district, preached in the forenoon, and Dr. John Rhey Thompson, of Brooklyn, in the evening. Dr. Thompson is a regular visitor here each summer, and is one of the most interested persons in this new enterprise. He has given it much encouragement in many ways, and quite a number of his parishioners have given generously toward the building fund.

All the days of the dedication services were beautiful as to weather. The good Father seemed to smile on the place. This society has now one of the most beautiful and convenient churches in the Conference, and with the presence of the Holy Spirit among its people ought to take a new lease of life, and sweep into the new century like a victorious army.

Mr. Howard, the pastor, is much improved in health, and has put in a great deal of work to carry the enterprise through. He is greatly esteemed, not only by his own people, but by the large company of summer visitors who attend the services.

Weirs Camp-meeting

This camp-meeting was held August 18-18. It rained nearly all the week, so that only one day was sufficiently pleasant for services to be held at the stand, and that was Friday. Notwithstanding these unfavorable conditions, there were more people than could be comfortably cared for in the Concord chapel where the meetings were held. There is a growing need

for a tabernacle that will seat from four to five hundred people. The Association has ordered the consideration of one, and it may be built before another year. The Association is in good financial condition, having an income sufficient to meet all its annual liabilities. There is universal regret this year in having to part with the very efficient treasurer, Rev. A. C. Coult, who has been in charge of the finances for many years. His infirmities are such that he could no longer attend to the work. When he took the position there was a large indebtedness, but by his careful handling of matters this has been entirely wiped out. The executive committee and all who had dealings with him in this work will greatly miss him. He was strict in all business affairs, but was kind and genial, and often was the life of the committee by his pleasantries. All will pray that it may be a long time yet ere he leaves us for the better world. Mr. C. E. Foote, a well-known layman of Penacook, has been elected to fill the position of treasurer.

The services of the camp-meeting began on Monday afternoon with a sermon by Bishop Mallalieu that stirred all hearts. The influence of this first meeting was felt all the week. Those who preached after this were as follows: Rev. C. E. Clough, Dr. Geo. P. Mains, Rev. J. D. Folsom, Bishop E. W. Parker (who spoke twice, in the forenoon for the W. F. M. S., and preached in the afternoon), Rev. W. H. Hutchin, Dr. J. E. Robins, Dr. C. A. Crane, Rev. Wm. Warren, Dr. D. C. Babcock, Rev. C. U. Dunning, Rev. W. M. Cleveland. For four mornings Dr. McLaughlin spoke on "The Bible Viewed Historically." Rev. A. L. Smith had charge of the singing. Miss Hattie Emerson, of Jacksonville, Fla., spoke for the W. H. M. S., and Mrs. Nellie B.

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DETROIT, MICH.

Morse had charge of the children's meetings. The Epworth League had a service in charge of Rev. R. T. Wolcott, when Mrs. Annie E. Smiley spoke.

It was an excellent meeting, and if the weather had been better would no doubt have reached many more than it did.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Buxton and South Standish.—Rev. William Bragg is abundant in labors. In addition to his regular work he preaches at West Buxton to large congregations in an abandoned church of another denomination. A class-meeting is held every Sabbath morning at Buxton, and is well attended. A sister was present recently who joined this church sixty years ago.

Gorham, North Street.—The pastor, Rev. James Nixon, is looking after the material interests of the church as well as the spiritual. The roof of the building has been recently shingled. The children of the parish are being trained for the church by pastoral work in the homes. This is one of our strong country churches which is training up young people to supply our cities with vigorous men and women while its own membership shows little increase.

Closed Churches.—The Portland District does not furnish any of the closed Protestant churches spoken of in a recent number of ZION'S HERALD. Several of the preachers take brief vacations, but their pulpits are supplied. There are no abandoned Methodist churches, although South Newfield church has services now only in the summer. However, the very large number of families in the country districts who seldom enter a church is a serious matter. The old members are dying and few younger people are rising up to take their places. We need at least five hundred people on Portland District alone who will take the pledge proposed by the Twentieth Century Committee and endeavor by personal work to win at least ten souls to Christ this year.

E. O. T.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

Montpelier District

Randolph Centre.—Rev. Lewis N. Moody, the greatly beloved pastor of this church, has suffered another relapse, and feels that he ought to entirely relinquish the work for the remainder of the year. He and his devoted wife are now in Barton at her former home. Many will be the sympathetic and sorrowing hearts over this sad illness, and strong the hopes that health may be speedily restored.

Rochester.—While away on their vacation Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Sharp were both taken ill, he while they were at Northfield, Mass., and she at Winthrop Beach, whither they had later gone for recuperation. They have both been overworked in the toils and cares incident to their treble parish, and the reconstruction and renovation of the parsonage. May the illness be of short duration!

Hancock.—Rev. E. W. Sharp, before he went away on his vacation, had the great pleasure of seeing four of his congregation make a clear and decisive start for the kingdom. May many more follow in the same direction, and that right speedily!

Gaysville.—At Gaysville the attendance at both the Sunday and midweek services is increasing, though slowly. A Woman's Christian Temperance Union has just been formed at this place by Miss Cora Howe, the lecturer. The superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. O. J. Richardson, has been nominated for the Legislature—a fitting selection. Rev. Wilbur F. Hill, the pastor, is longing for conversions, and is making strenuous and persistent efforts to bring particular persons to the same Jesus to whom Philip brought the Greeks.

Athens.—Pastor Lang has taken one more on probation, and others seem nearly ready to become actively identified with the visible church of Christ. The church has the only Society of Christian Endeavor in the district limits, as far as our own denomination is concerned. But it is noticeable that, at the County Union just held, this chapter carried home the banner for the best proportionate attendance.

Perkinsville.—Rev. C. M. Charlton reports four more conversions, and the accompanying fact that the four have been taken on probation

and baptized. He also thinks the time ripe for a large harvest of converts if the right helper can be secured to aid him. May the proper selection soon be made!

Bethel Gilead.—According to the Randolph Herald, Rev. Fred G. Rainey of that place preached a sermon on baptism and administered the sacrament of baptism to seven persons at Bethel Gilead last Sunday. These seven persons constitute the first-fruits of the revival meetings conducted by "Chalk-Talk" Walker and Rev. J. Wesley Miller. This shows the value of the policy of persistence, as revival meetings were held at this point the two preceding years, with but one convert for the two years. The addition of these seven new members means a proportionately large increase to the membership of the church. Seven new members for Bethel Gilead is as large a proportionate increase as sixty-three would be for Montpelier. The reaping of this harvest is due not only to the wise leadership of Evangelist Walker, but also to the godly life and faithful preaching of Rev. Wesley Miller during the past years.

Five Hundred New Probationers.—Why may not the preachers and people of this district take for the rallying cry for the remainder of this year the foregoing caption? Just think of it! An average of one conversion a month for each pastor would more than compass this result. With an infinite God, an infinite Gospel, and perishing multitudes which nothing else will satisfy, this should seem a small task. Let us prove that the Gospel has not lost its old-time power. Let us be filled with the spirit which makes martyrs—or heroes—as the case may be. Let us feel that we must win men and women to the Lord Jesus Christ, or our ministry will be a failure.

RETLAW.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Marlow.—The ladies of this church held a lawn party recently, which was a great success socially and financially. Reports all show good work done. Rev. G. B. Goodrich is pastor.

East Lempster.—Rev. A. G. Smith, who has been serving this church for sixteen months, because of his father's sickness has resigned his charge, and will move to Providence the first of September. Our best wishes and prayers go with him.

Munsonville.—Rev. George Hudson, who is the fortunate pastor here, was recently surprised by a large number of his friends and parishioners who gave him a generous donation of substantial gifts. The Ladies' Circle of this church, on August 9, gave a very fine musical

entertainment in the church, conducted by Prof. Hubbard of Boston. The proceeds of about \$40 will be used for repairs on the church edifice.

Newport.—The officials of this church are planning to improve the church property by changing the horsesheds and improving the lot, also the walks about the front of the church. They are making quite an improvement on the house at the camp-ground. Pastor Ramsden is in good spirits and earnestly at work.

West Springfield.—The congregation has gradually increased, and the interest is excellent. Two persons recently started in the Christian life. The summer visitors here gave a fine entertainment, and the proceeds (\$23) were given to the church. The Sunday evening meetings have largely increased. Rev. C. T. Matthews is pastor.

Grantham.—Led on by Pastor Matthews, this church is doing good work. A new furnace will be placed in the church very soon. The class-meetings are finely attended and the Sunday evening services are becoming seasons of great

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

College Opening Day Address by Dean Huntington, Sept. 20, a. m. Over 500 students last year. Growth the past seven years as follows: 319, 353, 385, 426, 455, 491, 507. Send for leaflet, "A Metropolitan College."

School of Theology Opening Day, Sept. 19, a. m. Address by Dean Buell. Students last year, 182, of whom 144 were college graduates. Steady growth in recent years.

School of Law opens Oct. 3. Students last year, 409. Instructors, 36. Send for leaflet, "Where to Study Law."

School of Medicine opens Oct. 4. Faculty, 53. Send for circular just printed. An excellent preparation for this School can be obtained in the Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., which opens Sept. 4.

All departments of the University have at least a few free Scholarships for the worthy, and the aid thus given amounts at present to over \$25,000 a year. The last three graduating classes numbered as follows: 227, 255, 263. Total number in attendance last year, 1,430.

For circulars address the Registrar, 12 Somerset St., Boston.

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power. The pastor's claim is already overpaid for the first half of the year.

Hudson.—On Saturday evening, Aug. 18, 22 persons greeted us in quarterly conference at Hudson. The reports presented were most encouraging. Increased interest and larger congregations cheer the heart of the pastor, Rev. W. J. Atkinson. It is pleasant to see such a spirit of harmony, good-will and mutual co-operation as one finds in Hudson; also to hear so many pleasant things said about the pastor. We have a fine church and parsonage property here. The church has been thoroughly renovated and cleaned, and some improvements on both church and parsonage are already under way.

Sunapee.—This church has an aggressive pastor and a live people, the result of which is a new parsonage already under way, to cost \$2,500; and \$2,000 of this amount is secured by good subscriptions. It is to be equipped with all modern conveniences, and the one verdict is, it will be paid for when finished. Everything is in good condition, and the pastor, Rev. W. C. Bartlett, is happy in his work. One person was recently baptized and received into the church. The pastor's salary is paid one month in advance.

C.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Worcester, Trinity.—Pastor King's vacation ends next week, and renewed activity will be in order. The society is fortunate in having the services of Bishop E. W. Parker, Aug. 26. Somehow the people of Trinity get all the plums, no matter who shakes the tree.

Grace.—Dr. Brady has been summering at Cottage City, and will return soon. Last Sunday his pulpit was filled, and well filled, by Rev. George E. Sanderson, of Coral St. The great audience-room was recently occupied by an audience of Finns, who had gathered to listen to the tones of the excellent organ as it responded to the touch of Oskar Merikanto, who was playing for the benefit of the Lutheran Church of that people. With the large influx of Finns our city is becoming more cosmopolitan than ever.

Laurel Street.—Rev. H. H. Paine, who has had a trip to Maine in the course of his vacation, will be on hand for the camp-meeting week.

THE continual breaking of lamp-chimneys costs a good deal in the course of a year.

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His wife and children will remain a while longer in Ashland.

Webster Square.—A most happy gathering was held, not long ago, on the lawn of John H. Tainter. Fully a hundred people enjoyed the exercises.

Tent-Meeting.—Rev. Alonzo Sanderson has folded his tent, and (though not like the Arab) has stolen away to Sterling.

QUIS.

West Medway.—Rev. James P. Chadbourne, having resigned the pastorate of the West Medway church, desires that all mail pertaining to the church work be sent to the present pastor, Rev. Arthur Wright.

Good news comes from East Greenwich Seminary. Principal Field has visited Yarmouth and Cottage City, and will visit Willimantic. He is everywhere received most cordially. The preachers have stood by him splendidly. Several of them will send children to East Greenwich next month. The collections from the churches are coming in hopefully. Many more students are now enrolled than at this time last year. All are encouraged.

To Our Subscribers

The Boston Clearing House Association has made a new Collection Schedule, which went into effect July 1. On account of this it will be necessary for those who send us checks in payment of their subscriptions to send ten cents additional or obtain a draft on Boston, Providence, New York or Philadelphia. We cannot accept checks on which there is a charge for collection unless the cost of collection is included.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Wilmot Camp-meeting, | Aug. 27-31 |
| Hedding Camp-meeting, | Aug. 27-Sept. 1 |
| Asbury Grove Camp-meeting, | Aug. 27-Sept. 3 |
| STERLING CAMP-GROUND: | |
| Epworth League Assembly, | Aug. 28-29 |
| Annual Camp-meeting, | Aug. 27-31 |
| Swedish Camp-meeting, | Sept. 1-3 |
| Groveton Camp-meeting, | Sept. 3-7 |
| New Hampshire Conf. Ep. League Convention at Concord, N. H., | Sept. 26, 27 |

Marriages

HEWEY — RICHARDS — In East Pittston, Aug. 22, by Rev. C. W. Lowell, Lewis J. Hewey, of East Pittston, Me., and Jennie M. Richards, of South Haven, Mich.

W. F. M. S.—The annual district meeting of the Montpelier District Association of the W. F. M. S. will be held in Montpelier, Vt., Sept. 6. The principal speakers will be Sooboonagum Ammal and Miss Grace Stephens, of Madras, India. Other speakers expected are Miss Mary E. Holt, N. E. Branch treasurer, of Boston, Mrs. C. S. Nutter, Branch secretary of young woman's work, of St. Albans, Vt., and Mrs. A. H. Webb, Vermont Conference president of the W. H. M. S., of Bradford, Vt. There will also be papers and other exercises of interest. It is hoped that all the auxiliaries and churches on Montpelier District and many from the other districts will send delegates.

Reduced railroad rates are expected. Inquire for special tickets. All who wish entertainment should send application to Mrs. W. O. Chapman, Montpelier, Vt.

MATTIE F. BUCK, Sec.

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LOOK OUT.—A woman between fifty and sixty years of age, plainly dressed, and part of the time wearing a heavy veil, is securing money from many of our ministers and people under the pretense that she came from Plymouth or some place on the Cape, has lost her pocket-book, and wants to borrow money enough to get home. She is a fraud. Look out.

A VICTIM.

Gold Medal Awarded the Magee Furnace Company.

In addition to those already received, the Magee Furnace Company have just been awarded at the Paris Exposition another gold medal on their celebrated ranges and heaters.

W. F. M. S. ITINERARY.—Miss Grace Stephens and Sooboonagum Ammal are appointed to speak at the following places: Holyoke, Mass., Sept. 2; Pittsfield, the 4th; Montpelier and St. Johnsbury, Vt., the 6th and 7th; Nashua (?), N. H., the 9th; Manchester District meeting, the 11th; Gardner, Mass., the 12th; Union Square, Somerville, the 16th, a. m., Newton Centre, p. m.; Lynn, Malden and Boston District meeting, the 17th; Worcester, the 18th; and Newark, N. J., the 19th.

W. F. M. S.—There will be a union meeting of all the districts of New Hampshire Conference at St. Paul's Church, Manchester, N. H., Sept. 11. Sessions at 10.30, 2 and 7.30. Miss Grace Stephens and Sooboonagum Ammal, of Madras, India, will be the speakers. It is hoped that many will attend, as they can spend but two days in our Conference. All desiring entertainment over night send names to Mrs. Geo. B. Morey, 439 Manchester St., Manchester, N. H.

H. T. TAYLOR, Conf. Sec.

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OBITUARIES

Where the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon its joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
Mid the burst of holy song,—

We shall meet and we shall rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest;
We shall meet on yonder shore,
With the loved ones gone before;
We shall meet and we shall rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before—
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered—
Loving once and evermore.

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the child has found the mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where the loved ones all are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild.

—Selected.

Chenery.—Some of life's best lessons are learned, not from our greatest men, but from the good examples set among the common people by successful leaders of their own number. In the death of Dr. Elisha Chenery, of Boston, the community has lost, as the author of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" would put it, "a man o' many parts." He was a successful physician for nearly fifty years; an ordained clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church; always, even to the time of his death, a great reader, a careful student, and a frequent contributor to the papers and magazines, both religious and medical. He was a man strong in Christian faith, and although devoted to the medical profession and other general pursuits, these all only strengthened his belief in Christianity, giving it a more rational basis. Yet his faith was as simple as that of a little child. He just clung sweetly and tenderly to the Heavenly Father.

Dr. Chenery was of Puritan stock, and this may account for his high standard of Christian character. His great-great-grandfather was killed at Northfield in King Philip's war, and his great-grandfather fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. The family settled in Watertown and Roxbury about ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims. He was born at Livermore, Me., Aug. 23, 1829. He was brought up on a farm, educated in the public schools, and later at Kent's Hill Seminary. He studied medicine at Bowdoin College, and received his degree from Harvard Medical School, March 21, 1853. He followed his profession for nearly half a century—thirteen years in Maine, three years in Cambridge, and some over thirty years in Boston. For eight years he occupied the professor's chair—four in the Boston Dental College, and four in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was a member of three leading medical associations. He added much to the practice of medicine by his articles published in the medical journals. An important contribution to the practice of medicine was the use of milk in the treatment of typhoid fever, for which he was a strong advocate.

He was clear, intelligent and decided in his support of temperance principles, both in private life and in the practice of medicine, avoiding the use of intoxicating liquors wherever possible. He was not a temperance crank, but believing that alcohol should be regarded as a poison and its effects physical and moral avoided, he did not shrink from giving publicity to his views. In his published work entitled, "Alcohol Inside Out," he gives an ex-

haustive review of these studies and the conclusions reached.

He was a man deeply concerned for the moral good of his fellow-men. He was unselfish. He never aspired to honors of which he was worthy. On one occasion he unwittingly administered a liquor as a medicine to a patient who had been for a long time a reformed man. It revived the appetite, and the man fell. It is needless to say the Doctor's conscience was troubled. Experiences like these which come to all physicians more or less caused him to take the stand he did regarding the use of liquors in the practice of medicine. He could not willingly be the cause of his patients' stumbling or being made weak.

This element in the character of Dr. Chenery was part of his deep religious nature. At one time he felt strongly moved to preach the Gospel, and was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He entered the East Maine Conference, and continued there for about six years, receiving appointments at Searsmont, Boothbay, Sheepscot Bridge, and other places. During these years he did not abandon the practice of medicine, but made it a help in his religious work. Following an attack of diphtheria his voice failed, and he was obliged to give up regular preaching. He continued to give occasional service, but supplied the lack by writing for the religious press, ZION'S HERALD receiving frequent contributions.

His religious zeal never waned. During his final illness, which lasted but a few months, while death was working in the body his soul gave continued evidence of clear, intelligent, overcoming faith. Never were his conversations brighter or more interesting. He seemed at times to catch an illumination from another world. It may seem like intruding into the sacred and holy to refer to the family devotions during these days of suffering. To those privileged to be present they will always be a joyful memory. After business matters were all talked over and laid aside, while the tender, loving care of wife and children was rendering all the little comforts that tend to sweeten and soothe the long weary hours of distress and waiting, the Doctor suggested that once more, while all were together, they have family worship. All knelt down, the Doctor prayed, then his wife, followed by son and daughter—each member of the family. Thus they had been brought up, and long since had reached manhood and womanhood, yet this early training had not departed from them. What greater comfort than this could have come to the dying head of that family? How many fathers leaving this world would give all they ever possessed to be able to witness in their home a scene like this! It was not a prayer for restoration to health, for death was felt to be in the course of nature inevitable, but it was especially a declaration of faith, a committing of themselves to the dear Lord and His keeping.

Dr. Chenery was a member of People's Temple from the beginning of its organization, serving most of the time on the official board. He was systematically liberal, giving all the receipts of his Sunday practice to religious and philanthropic work. Rev. C. E. Davis, his former pastor, said in his memorial: "He was a strong religious man. Not an ascetic, he was a most abstemious man. He was a prince in ethical ideas and practices. No matter what engaged his attention, he was determined to have everything right. He made enemies of some who did not perceive this rare trait in his symmetrical character, they thinking him selfishly persistent when he was only standing squarely for right. He was a great humanitarian. Here Dr. Chenery was at his best. But here he was not known save to the few. The poor today think he was more than human. He was an incarnation of some of the great elements which made the character of Jesus Christ peerless."

C. L. D. YOUNKIN.

Clark.—Silas F. Clark, for sixty years a resident of Willimantic, Conn., died at the home of his son, George M. Clark, in Meriden, Conn., Aug. 5, 1900, aged 82 years.

Mr. Clark was always a faithful supporter of the Methodist church at Willimantic from its earliest history, when his home was a haven for ministers. He was a brother of the late Rev. Sylvester H. Clark, of the New York East Conference, and the many who knew him will be pained to learn of his death.

Deaf and almost blind, he was a patient suf-

ferer for six months, when he died as he had lived, a pure, sweet and noble Christian character.

Martin.—Mary A. Flanders Martin, wife of Col. Robert Martin, died at her home in Parker, South Dakota, Aug. 15, 1900, of general debility, aged 83 years, 8 months and 13 days.

The deceased was born in Hopkinton, N. H., Dec. 2, 1817; married Robert Martin at Hill, N. H., Feb. 2, 1841, and resided there and at Tilton until she came to Parker in 1882. No children were born unto her. She was a devout Christian, shining with love and zeal and imbued with the true missionary spirit. At the time of her death she was supporting a native missionary in India. Such was characteristic of her whole life. She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church when thirteen years of age, and remained true to her faith till death. The G. A. R. and R. C. flags were at half-mast in honor of her memory, and those orders attended her funeral in a body, the services being held in the M. E. church. Rev. C. W. Cleworth preached the funeral sermon. A "mother in Israel" has gone from among us to her reward in heaven.—New Era.

Driver.—James Owen Driver, son of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Driver, of Mankato, Minn., was born March 6, 1883, in Boston, Mass., and died in Manila, July 21, 1900, of inflammation of the mucous membrane.

At an early age James was put under a private tutor, and was prepared for the public school. Later on he attended school in Fort Wayne, Columbia City, and Marion, Indiana. Always fond of the military, his parents yielded to his desires, and in 1897 sent him to the famous Cheltenham Military Academy in Philadelphia, Pa., where he won special commendation as a swordsman and for horsemanship. When his parents removed to Mankato, James was eager to see the great West, and came to make his home with them. In the meantime the war with Spain was on, and he was eager to see actual service in the field. To this his parents objected on account of his tender years and because he was their only child. But while on a visit to his grandfather, at Mount Vernon, Ill., he made application, but was rejected on account of defective sight. He went to St. Louis, Mo., and offered himself, and was again rejected for the same reason. Still undaunted, he applied at a third recruiting station, and was accepted and assigned to Co. B, Thirtieth Illinois Volunteers, and shortly after sailed for the Philippines. He was a good soldier. His captain wrote his parents a very complimentary letter, praising him for his courage and meritorious conduct. A few days ago Assistant Adjutant General Ward of the War Department, Washington, sent a despatch announcing that he died in the hospital in Manila, July 21. Only just before this sad news came, a letter was received from him dated Manila, June 7. In this communication he spoke of the hard service he had lately seen, and of his eagerness to return home as soon as his term of enlistment expired; that they had just returned from a long journey,

R.I.P.A.N.S

Night after night I had tossed on my bed,
Pains in my eyeballs, pains in my head,
But slumber soon came, and my brain it grew cool
When once I had taken a Ripans Tabule.

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CONSUMPTION

and that all the men in his company were sick. He was ordered to the hospital, but gave no intimation that he was seriously ill.

James was a member of Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, Mankato, having made a profession of religion two winters ago. He was received into the church by his father. His remains will be brought back to America and interred in the family lot in Lindwood Cemetery, Fort Wayne, Ind.

This is a sad blow to Dr. and Mrs. Driver. They have the sympathy of their many friends. But, best of all, they are finding the Gospel they have preached to others everything to them in this time of their great need.

JOHN STAFFORD.

Porter.—After five and a half years of patient suffering, Mrs. Mary E. Porter, widow of David P. Porter, died at the home of her son in South Manchester, Conn., Aug. 8, 1900. She was born in Chaplin, Conn., May 12, 1825.

For fifty-five years she had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and during all that time ZION'S HERALD has been a greatly prized weekly visitor in her home. Her early religious training was in the Congregational church of her native town, with which she united in girlhood. In 1845 she was married to Mr. David P. Porter, an ardent Methodist, and from that time her membership has been with us. Mr. Porter's business took them successively to Broad Brook, Lebanon, Rockville, Mansfield, and South Manchester, and in all these places, by testimony, song, prayer, and financial contributions, they were valuable workers in the church. For many years Mrs. Porter sang in the choirs of the various churches with which they were identified. Her Christian life was quiet, but pervasive. Patience and self-sacrificing love for her children were marked characteristics. She was fond of reading, and during her declining years, as long as her strength permitted, books were her constant companions—good books of various kinds, with a strong preference for religious works. Her Bible seldom, if ever, left her side.

Her husband and two children—Mary, aged twenty-four, and Handel, aged twenty-two—preceded her to the other life. She leaves four daughters and one son, Wesley B. Porter, with whom she made her home since her husband's death twenty years ago. J. I. B.

Cook.—Jesse Cook was born in Sandwich, N. H., Jan. 11, 1800, and died in the same town, May 3, 1900, aged 91 years.

His whole life was spent in Sandwich. By occupation he was a farmer. He was converted when quite young. His wife was a Christian woman, having united with the church when she was but eight years of age. Hence his was always a Christian home of the early Methodist type. He was a great reader and a very intelligent man. Notwithstanding his great age, his memory and mental powers were not seriously impaired. He remembered well and spoke with high appreciation of many of the early Methodist preachers. His wife died in 1883, but a son and two daughters, all unmarried, remained in the old home and cared for him most tenderly until the last. He was a good man, highly respected by his fellow-townsmen.

E. R. P.

Bates.—Nancy H. Bates, wife of John W. Bates, was born in East Weymouth, Mass., April 14, 1837, and died in East Weymouth, July 28, 1900.

Most of her life was spent in East Weymouth among the friends and relatives of her childhood. For several years her health had not been firm, and the last four months she had been a great sufferer. Few understood how intense her sufferings were, as she made the most of the blessings of life, conversing on these as the rich gifts of God. She had large social qualities, winning many friends and making a deep impression by the happy combination of a firm and gentle Christian character.

She was a great student of the Bible, gathering stores of spiritual treasures for her life and work in the church. She was fond of nature, often

seeing lessons amid shrubs and flowers which a Divine Hand is ever writing for eyes that are looking for God in His works. She had a fine taste for poetry, and reading it in the light of the Bible she saw old truths of the Sacred Word rising into new forms of grandeur and beauty. "Crossing the Bar" was one of her favorite selections. One of her last utterances was: "He upholds me," which was in accord with her Christian experience, and a sign of the strength and vitality of her faith, now opening to the fuller view of things eternal. She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for nearly half a century, devoting herself to its interests, so that her works do follow her.

She leaves a husband, John W. Bates; one son, Dr. Edward Bates, of Boston; a daughter, Mrs. F. J. Clark, of Lawrence; and one brother, Charles Harrington, of East Weymouth.

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Death of Rev. W. V. Morrison, D. D.

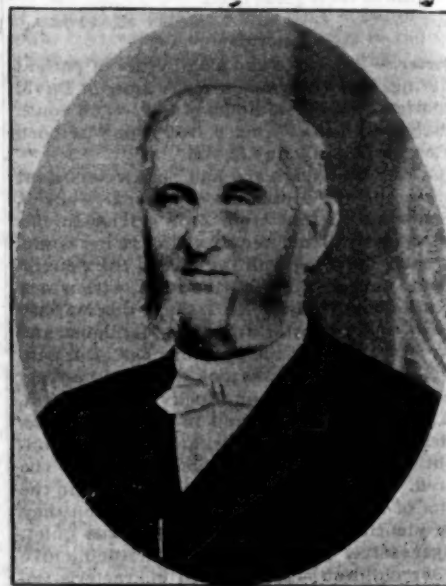
IN the death of Rev. W. V. Morrison, D. D., which occurred Aug. 22, New England Methodism is deprived of one of its best known and best loved representatives. We had come to consider Rev. Drs. D. A. Whedon, M. J. Talbot and W. V. Morrison the permanent pillars of the New England Southern Conference, and realized that the absence of either from the sessions of that body would leave a noticeable blank. Dr. Morrison was a most brotherly and lovable man. He was a delightful and inspiring companion, especially careful not to distress or wound those whom he loved. Few men could be removed from us who would leave so large a circle of close and admiring friends. His friendship was entirely free from the alloy of suspicion and distrust. Friendship, with him, was a sacrament, too sacred to be violated. He was a strong and practical preacher, a faithful pastor, and an unusually wise executive and administrator. Large revivals attended his ministry, especially at East Wey-

mouth, Norwich and Bristol. As a man of affairs his judgment was highly prized. Had he chosen business as his life-work instead of the ministry, his career would without doubt have been very successful. He had in him the swing of large business enterprises, with the ability which could safely forecast and the courage that would dare to make the necessary venture in order to attain largest success. This fact has been strikingly evidenced in the marked and profitable experience which has attended his cultivation of cranberries during the years of his superannuation.

Dr. Morrison was born at West Middlesex, Pa., Jan. 23, 1830. He graduated from Allegheny College in 1854, and from the Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H., in 1857. He was licensed to preach in March, 1854, and joined the New England Conference in April, 1857. He was presiding elder of Fall River District from 1874 to 1877, and of New Bedford District from 1883 to 1886. For twelve successive years he was president of Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting Association. In 1884 he was elected delegate to the General Con-

ference. He was President McKinley's teacher for two years in Niles, Ohio—a fact highly appreciated by the President, who, during the incumbency of his high office, has taken occasion in several instances to renew the acquaintance with Dr. Morrison and to honor him.

Dr. Morrison's tall, robust and manly form, his gracious smile of recognition, and his kindly voice return to bless us as we write. We crown him as a good, loyal, true disciple of Jesus Christ, and re-



REV. W. V. MORRISON, D. D.

joice that it was our privilege to know him so many years. A wife and two sons—one a physician and the other a dentist, both living in Providence and eminent in their profession—survive.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist Church in Bourne on Saturday, Rev. T. J. Everett, presiding elder of New Bedford District, officiating, assisted by Rev. M. J. Talbot, D. D., Rev. S. F. Johnson, and Rev. G. S. Butters. Dr. Talbot spoke with generous and affectionate appreciation of his long-time friend. The final services took place on Monday at the residence of his son, Dr. W. F. Morrison, in Providence. There were a large number of ministerial brethren present, including prominent representatives of other denominations. Tender and fitting tributes were delivered by Rev. Drs. S. F. Upham, of Drew Theological Seminary, and J. W. Johnston, of Meriden, Conn. The interment took place at Swan Point Cemetery.

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